GOOD-HUMOR

FOR

Reading and Recitation

Compiled by

HENRY FIRTH WOOD

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PREFACE

THE title of this volume accurately and faithfully describes the character of its contents. It is believed to be "good humor," and the rendition of the selections is calculated to put the audience in an equally "good-humor."

The compiler has had many years of practical experience as a talker and reciter, and feels that this, the latest collection of the kind, will be welcomed by readers and its contents enjoyed by all who appreciate the lighter vein of literature.

Most of the material finds its first appearance in this volume, while several of the selections are original with the compiler. Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the numerous publishers, authors, and friends who have kindly contributed to its contents, and thus greatly facilitated the work.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

JULY, 1893.

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GOOD-HUMOR

FOR READING AND RECITATION

A TRAGEDY.

"DON'T tell me 'there's room at the top,'" said the crushed tragedian to his dilapidated friend Yorick, as he carefully measured the distance with his eye from one railroad tie to another. "It's all bosh. Look at me! Consider your own case: we each aspired to be on the upper walks, and now each one walks on his uppers.

"Out upon thee, Fate!

"Shakespeare was right when he said, All the world's a stage.'

"But it's the stage of decay—and, considering the result of this starring tour, we're on that stage ourselves; at least we are both mortified.

"However, good Yorick, starring tours, in a measure, are what they are cracked up to be.

"That is, when you come in contact with them they are sure to be cracked up.

"Alas! first the leaves begin to fall, and then the fall begins to leave.

"So it is with us: struggles prepare us to succeed, and then rivals prepare to succeed us.

"Sth—death! There, don't be alarmed; 'twas my chilblains.

"One would fancy that these railroad corporations could afford to ballast their roads a little more evenly.

"But corporations have no souls; and there are we even with them, mine ancient friend, for we left the last vestige of our soles many ties back.

"I fancy I have done for a time with the footlights, except that my only concern now is to see that my foot lights with precision upon a tie each time.

"Ah, ha! a thought! Stand thou there, mine hungry friend, and we will enact a tragedy as inspiration prompts. In me behold the apoplectic Boniface: be thou the needy mendicant."

Boniface—"Ah, ha! there's hunger in thy face."

Mendicant—"And famine in my stomach."

Bon.—"Why dost not work? Art on a loaf?"

Men.—"Nay; but, please the gods, I would love to work upon a loaf—a half loaf—a slice."

Bon.—"Oh, ho! a wag."

Men.—"A most dismal one, good sir; like unto a hungry cur shorn of its tail, I'll shortly be a vanished wag, save I something eat."

Bon.—"An' I have something saved to eat. Enter, mine empty friend, and be satisfied. Eat, drink, and be——whoop!"

[*Enter the limited express over the piling upon which the famished Thespians had unconsciously walked.*]

"Adieu, Yorick!"

"Vale, Horatio!!" Splash!!! Splash!!!!

J. Armoy Knox.

A DELSARTEAN PLEA.

DEAR Mr. Delsarte!
Since you've taught us that art
Must replace Mother Nature's injunctions
And teach us anew
What we really should do
With our various physical functions,

We beg you would add
To the lessons we've had
About walking and breathing and posing,
Other hints that will make
All our doings partake
Of a grace more perfection disclosing.

We'd be taught, if you please,
How to gracefully sneeze,
How to snore in symmetrical manner,
How to get out of bed,
How to drop when we tread
On the cuticle of a banana;

How to smell, how to wink,
How to chew, how to drink,
How sublimely to shake an ash-sifter,
How to step on a tack,
How to get in a hack,
How to toy with a heated stove-lifter;

How to hiccough with ease,
How to groan, how to wheeze,
How to spank a night-brawling relation;

In short, how to mend
The mistakes that our friend
Dame Nature mixed in our creation.

BOSTON COURIER.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

THERE was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when be wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That aint my style," said Casey, "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up
a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and dis-
tant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on
the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey
raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's
visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go
on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the
spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said
"Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the
echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience
was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his
muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go
by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are
clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets
it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's
blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is
shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Boston—mighty Casey has
struck out.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE OUTCAST CHOIR BOY.

BREAK! Break! Break!
O voice, on my old top C!
And I would that my voice could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fishmonger's boy
That he shrieks his two notes above A.
O well for the tailor's son
That he soars in the old, old way.

And the twelve-year chaps go on
Up the gamut steady and shrill.
But O for the croak of a larynx cracked
And a glottis that won't keep still.

Break! Break! Break!
O voice on my dear top C.
But the swell solo parts of a boyhood fled
They'll never give more to me.

LONDON PUNCH.

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

"IT'S thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer know, honey, that my fourth coosin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about ginteel housework and the likes; while at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate spoken lady, and niver looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth, kind face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Thin I wint searching after clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had, to be sure. High and low I went, till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks, to be sure. Och! how she scramed and laughed, till my face was rid as the sun wid shame, and she

showed me in her kind, swate way what her maning was. Thin she told me how to air the beds; and it was a day for me indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me:

"'Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an airin', if yees will.'

"What should I do—and it's thru what I am saying this blessed minute—but go up-stairs wid the child, and shake it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a scraming and kicking as the baby gave—but I hild on the harder. Everybody thin in the strate looked up at me; at last misthress came up to see what for was so much noise.

"'I am thrying to air the baby,' I said, 'but it kicks and scrames dridfully.'

"There was company down below, and when Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing I thought they would scare the folks in the strate wid scraming.

"And then I was told I must do up Mr. Whaler's sharts one day when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice, for master was going away, so I takes the sharts and did them all up in some paper that I was after bringing from the ould counthry wid me, and tied some nice pink ribbon around the bundle.

"'Where are the sharts, Biddy?' axed Mrs. Whaler when she comed home.

"'I have been doing them up in a quair nice way,' I said, bringing her the bundle.

"'Will you iver be done wid your graneness?' she axed me with a loud scrame.

"I can't for the life of me be tellin' what their talkin' manes. At home we calls the likes of this fine work starching; and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the Blessed Vargin pity me, for I never'll be cured of my graneness!"

SNORKEY'S VERSION OF THE FLOOD AND THE ARK.

A CROWD of newsboys had gathered in front of the "Recorder" office, waiting for the papers to be issued.

"Hey, Snorkey! Come over an' give uz a lesson, will yez?"

Snorkey was on the opposite side of the street, and he came across and sat down upon the curb.

"Wot'll I give yez?" he asked. "Lemme see! How'll 'Mr. Noah an' de Ark' go? Dat's wot we had las' Sunny."

"Dat's a go. Is dere swimmin' in it?"

"Aah, come off yer perch! wait till yer git it, will yer?"

They crowded about him and listened intently.

"Well, yer see," began Snorkey, as he stuck his sore toe in the mud, "Mr. and Mrs. Noah had three sons. Dey wuz called Sham, Ham"—

"Sandwiches fur two dis way!" interrupted Bolivar.

"Ef he opens his trap agin welt him on der nose," said Snorkey. "Well, ez I was saying, dey had three sons, which wuz Sham, Ham, and Jacket. Der people wuz awful wicked in dem days, so Noah he got der tip dat it wuz goin' ter rain fur forty days and forty nights, an' "—

"Johnny git yer gun, fur he drives me crazy," sang the unbeliever, Bolivar.

"Well," continued Snorkey, "der rain beginned, but Noah an' his folks wuz fixed. Dey'd built a ark."

"Let her go, Gallagher," said Bolivar, "but don't give us too much Latin guff in it."

"Well, der rain cum an' Mr. Noah an' his hull family wuz fixed. Dey wuz right in it. Dey'd been gettin' all kinds o' animals tergedder, an' when der rain begins dey wuz all hunky oliver. Dey had chickens an' pigs an' horses an' cows an' bears an' annyconnors."

"Wuz Anny Conners dere? She's too flip. She allus takes in der moonlights, hey, Pug?" came from Bolivar.

"Betcher bustle! Snorky means Anny Connors wot's snakes in the mooseyum. Right, Snork?"

"Yep. Anny Connors an' rangytangs an' hippypotsumus an' whale, an' every oder kin' of bird an' animal an' fish."

"An' monks?" asked Bolivar.

"A-ah course! Everytinks, didn't I tell yer?"

"How much ter get in?" asked Nigger.

"Ter get inter wot?"

"Der show."

"Ah! 'twus'n't enney show. Dey jest took der animals an' tings along ter save 'em fur a fresh crop when all der oders wuz drownded. See? Well, everybody but Noah an' his family an' der animals wuz drownded."

"Couldn't de blokies swim?" asked Rags.

"Hully gee! how cud dey swim when it wuz rainin' fur forty days an' forty nights? Yer hain't got der sense ov a bootblack ur a 'Gypshun money. Well, finally dey landed on a big mountain wot dey called Hairyrat. Den it begin ter clear off an' der water begin ter take a tumble ter itself. But Mr. Noah wuz no chump, an' wot d'yer spose he done?"

"Got a life preserver?" ventured Rags.

"Nope. Your turn, Freckles."

"Swalley'd de whale?"

"Ah! rats. Give uz one, Bolivar."

"Went down cellar an' tapped a fresh keg?"

"Keg narthin! Now you, Nig."

"Swim overhanded?"

"Way off; next, Pug!"

"Floated ashore?"

"Nixey. He jist sent out a pidgon. He knowed dat if de pidgon cum back wid sum leaves everything wuz hoochy-koochy, so he sent out the—"

"Dere's a pidgon on der roof, an' he won't keep easy!" began Bolivar, but Pug brought him a right-hander that silenced him.

"Well pooty soon de pidgon didn't cum back. He wuz drownded. So, Noah, he jist laid low fur a day

er so, an' den he sent out anoder pidgon. Cross me troat, dat pidgon cum back O. K., an' Noah an' his caboodle walked ashore an' wuz all right, McCarthy."

"Who give yer dat song an' dance?" asked Bolivar, sneeringly.

"Der preacher up at der Sunday-school. Dat's wot."

"You go tell dat galoot dat he oughter chain himself up or he'll break loose an' hurt sumbody."

"You don't b'leeve it?"

"Not enny! Dat's a fairy story!"

"Den by der hokey pokey, I'm goin' ter make yer b'leeve it!"

Snorkey jerked his coat off, and Bolivar rolled up his sleeves. In less time than it takes to tell it, Snorkey was sitting on Bolivar's back, and Bolivar was breathing hard.

"D'yer b'leeve it once? D'yer b'leeve it twicet? D'yer b'leeve it third an' last time. Aner, maner, moner, mike! D'yer b'leeve it?"

As Snorkey uttered each word he sat a little harder and was preparing for a final "squash," when Bolivar surrendered.

"Make it forty hours an' I'll go yer!" he pleaded.

"Forty days an' forty nights or nartin'!" said Snorkey.

"Chuck off der nights!" urged Bolivar.

"Not a night. Once, twice, thr—"

"It's a go!" gasped Bolivar, and the Sunday-school was adjourned sine die.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M BALD?

SAY, will you love me when I'm bald?
When my poor head is smooth and bare?
For I must tell you now, sweet love,
That I am surely getting there!

These mornings, when I run my comb
Straight through my tresses, thinner grown,
The slender teeth begin to scratch,
And draw from me an inward moan.

I'm forced to face the future, when
To use a brush will make me howl!
My last and only refuge, then
Will be to comb it with a towel.

At church, the people sitting back,
All pass remarks about my hair;
And spring that ancient, mossy joke,
"That there will be no parting there!"

And soon, whene'er I go to plays,
They'll place me on the foremost row,
Amongst the bald and shining pates
Where never more the hair will grow.

But, love, you will not take to heart,
My sorrow, but will help me bear
The stings and arrows thrust my way—
For I cannot stop this falling hair!

And if, by chance, you place your face
  Against my forehead, high and wide;
You will not mind it, if you find,
  It grown so smooth your face will slide?

No! love! I cannot think that you
  Will smile at me whate'er I'm called:
You'll try to cover up the spot,
  And love me more when I am bald.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

OF course Johnny wanted to stay in town for the Fourth and help Charlie Wilkins set off his box of fireworks in the evening, but Ma said she was sure he'd be run over by a procession or something, or those Wilkins boys would blow his eye out with a squib, and Aunt Sophia said that the brass bands and torpedoes always brought on her neuralgia, and that she really thought we ought all go out and have a real family party somewhere in the country. So Ma tackled Pa about it, and Pa said he'd be hornswoggled if he was in the Independence picnic business when times were so hard, and that as for Johnny, let him go ahead and blow the top of his head off if he wanted to, but if there was any trouble he'd give him a dressing down he'd remember till Christmas. Aunt Sophia was awfully cut up over Pa's refusal, but Ma said she'd manage it, and waited until one morning after Pa had been to a club dinner. Ma

broached the subject again sweetly, and Pa said certainly he really thought it was the duty of every citizen to make his family happy on the Fourth, and that he'd send us anywhere Ma wanted to go, and Ma said we could all go up cheaply to Cousin Sue's place at Saugerties, and Pa said that was a happy thought, and we could get square with Cousin Sue for that visit she paid us last Christmas, and that Ma had a great long head if she was fat.

Well, we all came up on the 11.30 train yesterday, and here we are. Cousin Sue was waiting for us at the station in the trap and kissed us all round but Pa, who shook hands with her and said he was awfully glad to see her looking so well, but whispered afterward to Ma that he was glad that freckles weren't contagious, for Cousin Sue had about the worse case he ever saw. There wasn't room enough in the trap for all of us, so Pa had Johnny and William walk and said it would do William's brain good to stretch his legs a little, and if he heard another word from Johnny they'd have a little quiet interview when they got to the house. So Johnny stopped asking why he couldn't ride, and walked off with William who had on his new spring suit and a silver-headed cane, and evidently wanted Johnny to behave, and not spoil his impression on the girls. But the minute Pa and the trap were out of sight Johnny got reckless. He threw a stone and lamed a chicken to begin with, then climbed a fence and got some cherries and shot a pit at William and made a bull's eye on his white scarf, where it made a

purple stain. Then William and he were not on speaking terms, and Johnny got a switch and imitated William's method of carrying a cane, and two girls giggled and William was so mad he couldn't see. Finally Johnny saw a pug in the road and began chunking it and hit the pug on the head, and he ran in yelling, and people came out and Johnny thought they looked familiar, and they were, for it was Cousin Sue's pug; and Pa called Johnny softly; and William gave a detailed report, and Pa and Johnny went into the orchard for an interview, and William went up-stairs for another scarf, and after awhile Pa came back and said that Johnny felt better, and we all had luncheon.

After luncheon Pa said he had to go back to the city, and Cousin Sue said she was so sorry. She couldn't think that business should deprive him of pleasure, but Pa told Ma privately that Cousin Sue's green dress and red hair and freckles would make a brass monkey bilious, and he couldn't stand it, so he thought he'd go back and tackle the Fourth at the club.

In the afternoon, however, Mr. and Mrs. Van Bumblebug came over from the cottage, and the Misses de Upenkoff dropped in with young Brentwood Fidelstring, and then dear little Gwyn, who is Mrs. Forsyth now, you know, arrived with her husband and baby from the Kaaterskill, and after all the girls had cackled over the baby old Mr. Van Bumblebug winked at Pa and said if he'd let business slide and stay over he thought they they could get

up a small limit in the evening and invite over old Fidelstring, who was a sucker, and Pa concluded to stay. Mrs. Van Bumblebug raved about Saugerties, and said she infinitely preferred the dreamy life here to the senseless frivolities of Newport, and Ma says this is very suitable, especially now that Mr. Van Bumblebug had failed and is head over ears in debt. Neither of the Misses de Upenkoff are married yet. Aunt Sophia says it is because they are so blue-blooded and fastidious, but Pa says either of them would sour milk in winter, and their only chance for a trousseau is to rope in some blind man.

Brentwood Fidelstring talked a whole hour with Helen, and wanted to take her to the top of the hill to see the sunset, and Aunt Sophia whispered to Ma that she did hope it would be a match, for old Mr. Fidelstring was worth no end of real estate, but Pa frowned at Helen not to go, and said afterward that if she couldn't pick up anything better than that chucklehead she had better go and be a nun, and Helen said she didn't care a speck for Mr. Fidelstring, but thought Pa was real mean, and went upstairs and had a good cry. Then Aunt Sophia's cat, Romeo, whom she had brought up in a box to get the fresh air, went strolling around in the back yard, and Johnny sicked Cousin Sue's pug on him, and Romeo swelled up as big as a keg and went for the pug and cleaned him out in one round, and Cousin Sue had to get out the arnica, and she and Aunt Sophia had some words, and Pa walloped Johnny again, and then said he'd go over and milk old Van

Bumblebug's crowd in a jackpot or two, and went over and lost seven dollars, and came back and trod on Romeo in the hall, and Romeo remonstrated, so our first evening in Saugerties, take it all in all, was not a success.

This morning, bright and early, Cousin Sue insisted on taking us all over the farm and showing us the cows and fruit trees, and Pa nearly had a sunstroke, and a bull got after Aunt Sophia's red parasol and she dropped it and just got over the fence with her life. Then Johnny turned up with cherry cholera, which Pa said a little counter-irritation would cure, and Aunt Sophia flared up and said only a brute could lay violent hands on a sick boy, and carried Johnny off to bed and brought him Romeo to play with, and after awhile came down radiant and said Johnny was better and that she was so happy at the way he and Romeo had made friends. Just then Romeo came down nine stairs at a jump and raced out the front door and around the piazza and in again through a window, and it took Aunt Sophia half an hour to catch him and take the spring clothes pin off his tail, and Pa laughed and sent Helen up to tell Johnny he might get up now, and said he guessed he'd live till morning.

We had no excitement then until after luncheon, when Cousin Sue asked Pa if he would like to walk down to the Post Office and hear the Saugerties Brass Band play, and Pa said not if he knew it, he felt homicidal enough as it was. But Johnny said he'd go and so Cousin Sue put on her pink bonnet and

took him, and Pa said thank goodness they were both gone, and now we'd have some peace. Then Mr. Fidelstring dropped over, as he said, to bring Johnny a little box of fireworks, but stayed to talk to Helen, and Pa took off his coat and fell asleep in the hammock, and Aunt Sophia gave Romeo a bath, and then Romeo met the pug again, and had another set-to. Ma went off for a nap, and we spent two hours very pleasantly.

Just then Cousin Sue came back in hysterics and said she never saw such a boy as Johnny; that she had bought him a pack of fire-crackers, and the first thing he did was to light the fuse and drop it into the big brass horn while the Saugerties Band were in tuning up, and the fire-crackers went off inside and blew all the music out of the thing, and then the man came out and wanted $10 and she didn't have it with her, and so the Constable arrested Johnny and had him locked up. Of course this frightened Ma nearly into a fit, and Aunt Sophia asked us if she hadn't always said a judgment was coming to that boy, and Mr. Fidelstring said it was really too pathetic, and Helen begged Cousin Sue not to wake up Pa and get Johnny lammed to death on the Fourth, and Cousin Sue said she wouldn't for worlds; so Ma slipped on her bonnet and went down with Mr. Fidelstring and Aunt Sophia to see the Judge, and they compromised with the horn blower for $8 and got Johnny out, and both Ma and Aunt Sophia kissed him and said they wouldn't tell Pa, and Johnny came back feeling like a martyr on the home stretch.

About alf-past eight Johnny rushed in and said it was real dark, and they were shooting rockets and sending up balloons near the station, and asked Pa if he couldn't set off the fireworks Mr. Fidelstring had brought. Pa said no—that he didn't propose paying any hospital bills—but that Johnny could come out and hold the punk, and he would show him how they used to celebrate when he was a boy. Johnny didn't like this arrangement, but had some delicacy in telling Pa so, so we all went out on the piazza, and Aunt Sophia put cotton in her ears, took Romeo and got in the parlor with the window down, and Mr. Fidelstring gave Helen his arm so she could steady herself, and Mr. Van Bumblebug, Cousin Sue, and Ma sat down on the steps. Pa set off three pinwheels first, but they wouldn't turn and didn't amount to much. Then he and Johnny worked a couple of Roman candles, which were a great success, except that one of the balls in coming down lit on Mr. Fidelstring's dicer and burned a hole in it, and another caught the pug on the nose and made him yell for ten minutes. Then Pa called to Aunt Sophia not to be an idiot but come out and see the fun, for he was going to let off a rocket. Aunt Sophia said she was comfortable where she was, but Pa insisted and so she came out, although she said it gave her a cold chill to see Johnny fooling around the box with that punk, so Mr. Fidelstring put it back of us on the piazza and said he'd supply Johnny as fast as the rockets were needed. The first rocket went up with a beautiful fizz, and popped

into two red balls and a lot of sparks, and Ma and Cousin Sue said "My!" and Aunt Sophia said, "Did you ever?" and Helen said she never, and both Pa and Johnny were delighted. The next time they set off two rockets, and they were simply grand, like serpents of fire, Mr. Fidelstring said. Then Pa said he'd show us a wrinkle or two, and told Johnny to bring out four. Aunt Sophia got nervous and asked Pa if he wasn't afraid to set off so many, and Pa wanted to know if she thought he was a fool. So Mr. Fidelstring got four out of the box and Johnny and Pa set them up in a line against the wire fence and touched fuses, and said we'd see some fun, and so we would have, but Johnny was so excited he joggled the second rocket and it fell over and the other started up and knocked down two others and they began fizzing on the ground, and Pa yelled to Johnny to look out, and Aunt Sophia screamed, and Johnny kicked at one rocket and it turned round and flew over Mr. Van Bumblebug's head into the box of fireworks, and then rockets, blue lights, pinwheels, and mines began going off together, and Cousin Sue yelled "Fire!" Mr. Van Bumblebug started after an engine, and Romeo got a dose from a Roman candle and made a bee line for the woods. Pa danced around and howled, and Mr. Fidelstring said he'd protect Helen with his life, and then two Roman candles got to shooting balls through the window into the parlor, and a rocket sailed into the hall and burned a hole in the picture of Cousin Sue's grandmother, and before the cook could come out with a bucket

of water the last fire-cracker had exploded and the whole neighborhood was full of smoke and excitement. The cook threw dishwater over the parlor floor and then tore down the curtains and would have ripped the house down, Pa said, if he hadn't stopped her. Just then the fire company came tearing up with a hose cart, and we saw a bright light behind the house and heard Mrs. Van Bumblebug scream, and we saw that one of the rockets had sailed over and touched off the Van Bumblebugs' barn.

We can't give you any further details to-night. Cousin Sue says this Fourth has cost her about $600, and she and Pa are not going to speak for awhile. Aunt Sophia says if any one finds a singed cat in the neighborhood she will pay a suitable reward and be grateful to her dying day, and Mr. Van Bumblebug says he'll be blamed if he don't carry it the Supreme Court but Pa shall pay for that barn.

We go home on the early train to-morrow.

"CASH."

"CA-A-A-SH!" calls the Ribbon-clerk in Lacy's dry goods store,
And he pounds on the counter and "Ca-a-a-sh!" he calls some more.
Oh! all day long he yells for cash, and when the week is o'er,
He gets the eight crisp dollar bills that he's been shouting for.

"Cash!" call the Doctor, the Lawyer, Merchant, Chief,
The Rich Man and the Poor Man, the Beggar Man and Thief.
Each calls for cash, but what he gets as little represents
The sum he thinks he ought to have as does that first-named gent's.

Oh! some dine at Delmonico's and some eat mutton hash,
Some have to cut their cuffs each week, while others cut a dash;
For some have less, and some have more, but none will call me rash
In stating that there is not one who does not call for cash.

DEMMY JAKE.

SAY, this lodgin'-house fur newsboys,
Seems to me is gone to seed;
Summer diet aint invitin'
As a steady winter feed;
Bread and tea and such like wittles
May be good for mumps and croup,
But when snappy weather comes on
My belongin's votes for soup.

Ef they don't improve we'll have to
Waltz around to Baxter Street;
That chateau of Widdy Dobson's
Wa'n't no slouch for lodgin', Pete.

Ef a feller wants to see life,
That's the Ward to travel to;
Warious different kinds o' sinners
Chins it there till all is blue.

Rather have things neat and reg'ler?
So would I—you're talkin' sense!
I've saved up eleving dollars
Sense I've roosted on this fence.
This here crib is clean and wholesome,
Ef it is a trifle slow,
Growlin's cheap and don't cost nothin',
But I aint agoin' to go.

Pete, you mind that dancin' cripple,
Used to flourish on one fluke?
Demme Jake, they allers called him—
Danced at Connorses' Grand Duke.
Never seed him? Never been there?
You don't say you never been!
Well, I thought that every Ayrab
In this town had took that in.

That there pallis of amoosement
Tops the Bowery every time;
Hev to scoop it in some evenin',
Wen we've raked an extra dime.
Five cents each 'll buy the tickets,
Five fur peanuts—hang expense!
Ef you like we'll go it nobby—
Take a box fur fifteen cents.

I'm all hunk on savin' nickels,
  But a little taste o' fun
Now and then don't hurt a feller,
  Helps to make the old thing run;
Makes the days more flush o' sunshine;
  Makes yer work go off more gay;
Ef your goin' to grind an organ,
  Have a monkey—that's my way.

It were larks to see that cripple
  Dance them wooden pirouettes;
His one leg was worth a dozen
  Of the Bowery ballet pets;
Called 'em Terpsich'rean revels—
  Nothing like a fine French name
Fur to carry off a projeck,
  'Thout there's more of name than game.

Speakin' of the Dobson ten'ment
  Made me think o' him just now;
We resided in that mansion,
  Him an' me did—that's the how.
We was kind o' chums together;
  He was older'n me, of course,
But I tell you wot, that feller
  Had a heart like all out-doors.

When old Sal Magundy flummixed,
  (Wot her name was I dunno,
That's wot everybody called her—
  Anyhow she had to go.)

Little Sal was left an orphan,
'Thout a single friend on earth;
Then that scanty, one-legged Jacob
Showed what tender hearts is worth.

She was purty as a chromo,
All the worse for him, you see;
Gals that's too good-lookin' allus
Brings some chap to misery;
Gits their little knowledge-boxes
Full o' queer ideas, I speck;
Till they thinks themselves tin angels;
Gals aint got much intelleck.

When they're plain its better fur 'em,
Keeps 'em goin' sure and slow;
Fellers don't come buzzin' 'round 'em,
Teachin' of 'em airs, you know.
Tips and zifs, and peeps and riffles,
B'longs, my boy, to dangerous stock;
When I takes a wife I'll choose one
Ugly enough to stop a clock.

It's astonishin' wot eejuts
Purty eyes 'll bring men to;
Sal's was large and queer and shifty,
Changin' round from black to blue.
The old woman didn't teach her
Nothin' worth the knowin', Pete—
Fact is, 'taint no mission chapel,
That there house in Baxter Street.

Well, the old gal turned her toes up,
Leavin' Sallie, as I said,
'Thout a nickel in her pocket,
Or a place to lay her head;
And she might have starved or done worse,
But fur Jake; he tumbled to,
Said he'd be a brother to her!
O my eye!—a cripple, too!

Then he buckled into workin'
Late and early, night and day;
Peddlin' pencils in the day-time,
Dancin' nights amazin' gay;
It was puffickly surprisin'
How that cripple done so much;
Tell yer, some o' you young roosters,
Might be better fur a crutch.

Starved himself to clothe and feed her,
Hoped she'd marry of him, Pete;
And the poor cuss used to tell me
How divine she were, an' sweet;
But he didn't durst to ask her—
It's the queerest thing in life,
Fur to see a fellow scary
When he's snoopin' fur a wife.

Molls is mostly purty anxious;
Chaps don't often have to beg;
But the fact is Jake was cut up
'Cos he traveled on one leg.

So it run along a good while,
'Bout six months or so I b'lieve,
Till he come to me last winter,
One night—it were Christmas Eve.

Sot down, pale and weak and tremblin',
With a bundle on his knee;
Let his crutch fall down quite kerless,
And his eyes were queer to see;
"Ike," he says, "she left this mornin',
Yes, she's gone—she's went away;
I'm afraid that Flash Bob took her—
He's been missin' too, to-day.

"Oh! it's hard!" he says, "it's orful!
Dunno where she's went at all!
It don't signify—that gnostic's
Took her far beyond my call.
Ef he'd been an honest feller—
But a blackleg! Ike, you know
What that means for Sallie's future?—
Shame and grief! Why did she go?"

He'd been fumblin' with his bundle,
Without knowin' wot he did;
And the things begun to fall out,
But he spied 'em as they slid,
Picked them up with shakin' fingers,
Laid um kerful on a chair;
Purty, woman's duds they was, Pete,
Nice and warm for winter wear.

"Them," he says, "was Sallie's Christmas—
Oh! why was I ever born!
Ike, it's hard to be a cripple,
Only fit fur people's scorn!
Ef I'd been a handsome feller,
Sometime we'd been married yet;
And I loved her, Ike, I loved her,
Oh! so much! my little pet!

"I'd 'a' been so careful of her—
I'd 'a' worked hard fur her sake"—
Then he broke down, and he sot there,
Sobbin' like his heart would break;
When the door was opened softly—
Which it had been on a crack—
What d'y' think? That young gal stood there,
Just behind the poor chap's back;

And her face was like a sunrise
Shinin' through a misty sky,
Whils't she touched him on the shoulder,
"Jake," she says, "my boy, don't cry!
Was these pretty things for me, Jake?
But your Christmas, dear," says she,
Will you take me for your Christmas?
Would you be content with me?"

Then she nestled down and kissed him,
With her purty cheeks all wet;
And I b'lieve a happier Christmas
Never struck a cripple yet.

How'd I come to run her down so?
I was foolin' of yer, Pete;
Fur a better little woman,
Don't reside in Baxter Street.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

"NO FELLOW."

A PRETTY girl—
A summer night,
A moon serene and mellow.
A vacant chair
Waits for a pair,
But missing is the fellow.

Again the moon,
Another night,
Same girl, but sad to tell, oh!
That vacant chair
Stands vacant there,
Still missing is the fellow.

A mountain nook,
A sparkling brook,
Red lips sweet tales to tell, oh!
But sad the truth,
There is no youth,
No anxious, listening fellow.

Once more we look
Upon that brook,
Same girl sits in the dell, oh!

And patient waits
Through endless dates
That much-desired fellow.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

DEESA man liva in Italia a gooda longa time ago. He hada greata head ever since he was a kidda. Not a bigga heada likea de politicians nowaday—not a swella heada. His fadda keepa de standa in Italia. Sella de peanutta and de banan. Maka plente de mon. Christopher Colum he say, "Fadda, gimma de stamp, I go finda de new world." His fadda he laugh, "Ha! ha!" just so. Den Christopher he say, "Whata you maka fun? I betta you I finda new world." After a long time his fadda say, "You go finda new world, and bringa it over here." Den de olda man he buy him a grip-sack, an' giva him boodle, an' maka him a present of three ships to come over to deesa contra. Well, Christopher Colum he saila an' saila for a gooda many day. He don't see any landa. An' he say, "I giva fiva dollar bill if I was back in Italia!" Well, he saila, an' he saila, an' vera soon he strika Coney Island. Den dat maka him glad! Very soon he coma to Castle Garden, an' den he walka up Broadway an' he feel very bada. He finda outa dat de Irish gang has gotta possession of New Yorka! He don't lika de Irish, an' de Shamrocka donta lika him. He donta go vera far before a pleasanter mana speaks to him. He say, "How-a-

you do, Mista Jones? How a-de folks in Pittaburg?" Christopher Colum he say, "I notta Mista Jones; I reada the papers; I tinka you sella de green goods, ha? You go away, or I broka your jaw?" Den he shaka hees fista deesa way, and de man he skedaddle. Den he tries to crossa de Broad-a-way, but it fulla de mud an' he canta swim. Very soon he sees a policeman cluba de mana, one, two, three times, an' he feel secka de stom'! Next he meeta de politicians uppa Tammany Hall, an' dees wanta him to runna for Alderman. He getta plenty friend. He learna to "settom op" at de bar many times. Next day he hava heada like deesa!

His fadda writa: "Why you notta bringa back de new world? I lika to hava de earth!" Christopher Colum he writa back dat New Yorka is already in de hands of the Shamrocka. Den he goes to Ohio and buys a place an' calla it after himself—Colum. Soon he goa broka an' taka de nexta train home in disgusta, because he reada in de paper dat de Fair in '93 will be holda in Chicago!

STREET CRIES.

THE Englishman's waked by the lark,
A-singing far up in the sky;
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,
Pitched fearfully high,
Like a lark in the sky,
Wakes me with a screech
Of "Horse Ree-dee-ee-cech!"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,
And then the street cackle begins:
Junk-man with cow-bells, and fish-man with horn
And venders of brushes and pins,
And menders of tubs and of tins.
"Wash-tubs to mend! Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! who will deliverance send?
Hark! that girl is beginning her screech—
"Horse—" "—tubs" "Ripe peach—"

Then there's "O-ranges," "Glass toputin,"
And bagpipes, and peddlers, and shams;
The hand-organizer is mixing his din
With "Strawber—" "Nice sof' clams!"
"Wash-tubs to mend," "Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! heaven deliverance send!
I'd swear, if it wasn't a sin,
By "—any woo-ood?" "Glass toputin!"

"Ice-cream!" I'm sure that you do!
And madly the whole town is screaming.
"Pie-apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and "Blue
Berries!" with "Hot corn all steaming!"
"Umbrell's to mend!"—My head to mend!
How swiftly I'd like to send
To—somewhere—this rackety crew,
That keep such a cry and a hue
Of "Hot—" "Wash-tubs!" and "Pop-
Corn-balls!" Oh! corn-bawler stop!

From morning till night the street's full of hawkers
Of "North River shad!" and "Ba-nan-i-yoes!"

Of men and women and little girl squawkers—
"Ole hats and boots! Ole clo'es!"
"Times, Tribune, and Worruld!"
"Here's yer Morning Hurrold!"
What a confounded din
Of "Horse red—" "—to put in!"
"Ripe—" "Oysters," and "Potatoes—" "to mend!"
Till the watchman's late whistle comes in at the end.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE MAIDEN MISSIONARY.

THERE she goes, with schemes prolific for the heathen-isled Pacific,
All her soul with pity burning for those far-off coral shores;
She would have her friends endow a ladies' school in Chicahaua,
And establish kindergartens through the indolent Azores.

Now she pleads with you to sign a paper in behalf of China,
To correct an ancient evil by a prize for larger feet;
And her lovely eyes are swimming, while she speaks of heathen women,
With their shocking scant apparel and the vulgar food they eat.

Not a man has heart to snub her, though she turns
the talk to blubber,
Oily natives of Kamschatka and the podgy Esqui-
maux;
Or, at hinted change of topic, takes you flying o'er
the tropic,
To the swarthy son of Afric with a bangle through
his nose.

Oh! she looks and speaks so sweetly that she wins
your heart completely,
And her strings of dry statistics chain you like a
silken mesh;
You give most profound attention to each several
heathen mention,
For her face is like a rose-leaf, and your heart is
only flesh.

By and by with fingers taper she presents a folded
paper,
And you spread it out before you with a sigh that
sweeps the floor;
Here are victims without number, from a poet to a
plumber,
And you never saw such figures on a begging sheet
before.

Up you glance with indecision—but you see a plead-
ing vision,
Dewy lips beset with dimples, eyes like sweet un-
uttered prayers;

And with all your spirit burning you set down a
whole week's earning,
To assist some lucky heathen up the shining
golden stairs.

PAUL PASTNOR.

BILLY THE BILK; OR, THE BANDITS OF THE BOWERY.

BY

CAPT. MAINE READ, JR.,

AUTHOR OF

Iron Bound Ed, the Elevator Boy, or From the Bottom to the Top; Ash Barrel Ike, the Scavenger Detective, or Out for the Dust; Rob Ruby, the Diamond Duke, or a Bad Man from Bitter Creek; the Doomed Dozen, or the Danite's Daughter, etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

"KILL me if you will, but spare my life!"

The shrieking voice of a young girl rang out upon the night on Chatham Square.

There was a sound of hurrying feet, but all was still.

Then the quick, sharp sound of a policeman's club clattering on the stone pavement was heard, and dusky forms were seen hurrying through the darkness. From Giblet's Concert Hall, across the way, the sound of dreamy music floated out upon the

night. The shrill cry of the waiter, "two up and one down, and certain death with seltzer on the outside," rang across the silent street. The figure of a man crouched in a doorway near by shrank further back into the darkness. None heard the low mocking laugh he uttered.

The brave policeman fought his way through the empty street and reached the scene of the struggle. There was nothing there.

The mocking laugh of the man crouched in the doorway rang out again as the policeman stooped down and picked up an anvil that had been dropped in the struggle.

What could it mean?

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

The scene is the Cherry Hill Hotel. In the handsome and spacious office a dozen clerks sit dozing during the busy day.

"Has there been a bass drum left here for me?" inquired a voice.

The hotel clerk quits rubbing his diamond with the office blotter and looks up.

The speaker is a short, thick-set man, very tall and thin.

"No bass drum has been left here," answered the clerk, after searching the safe.

"Heavens! have I been misled?" mutters the man. "But no; she dare not play me false." Then he turns to the hotel clerk and adds:

"Should a bass drum be left here, wrap it up carefully and send a messenger at once to William Williams, 210 Bowery. I will call for it myself."

Then he walks briskly away. A bright featured lad in the uniform of a bell boy gazes suspiciously at the stranger. "It is Billy the Bilk," he mutters.

Upstairs in room 13 a man of middle age sits back at his ease smoking a cigarette. A smile of self-satisfied complacency is upon his face. There is a knock at the door. The man goes to it. There is no one in the corridor, but on the threshold lies a note. It is addressed to Mr. Douglas Blanchard. The man opens it and reads:

"Beware! Billy the Bilk has called for the bass drum."

His face changes deathly white. He throws up his hands and falls forward in a swoon.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSING LINK.

Irene Blanchard sat in her boudoir reading a volume of Emerson, a glad, wild girl of 35. What was this change that had lately come over her? What had embittered her life? "What use to live?" she murmured. "My young life made a curse, my father a stranger to his family." Then she read the poet's lines:

It was the sad noon of the night;
Each lamp-post heaved a sigh.
The pavement lay as still as death;
A tear stood in each eye.

"It is like the anguished echo of mine own life," she said.

At this moment the loud beating of a bass drum sounded through the night. "It is the serenade," she said. "Why will he dare come when he knows he endangers his life and my happiness. I can never love him even though he hold my father in his power."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

It is the night of St. Patrick's day. The Bowery is a blaze of light. Laughing crowds pass by upon the street. A sweet-faced girl, scantily protected from the biting March wind, stands on the corner of Baxter Street singing the "Cruiskeen Lawn." The careless passer-by does not note the pinched appearance of her face, upon which her nose, so long and sharp that it would pick a lock, stands out in bold relief. A man clutches her on the shoulder. "What have you made?" he says.

"But a few pennies," she replies. "'Cruiskeen Lawn' is a back number; nothing but 'Sweet Katie Connor' and 'Comrades' goes on the Bowery now."

"You lie, you jade!" he hisses. "I stagged a bloke giving you tenpence," and he strikes her a cruel blow.

The next instant he feels himself clutched in the strong grasp of a tall young man in a full dress suit. It is Shelton Langdon, an active member of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

"You cur!" he says, "to strike a lady."

Billy, the Bilk, for it is he, utters a shrill whistle. In a few moments Langdon is dragged into a den near-by, and a 79-cent suit replaces his costly garments. Held by a dozen men he is helpless, but above him he can see the sneering face of Billy the Bilk.

"Ed Mortimer should be here now with the police," says the young man. "Glory, then, Billy the Bilk, in your short-lived triumph."

At this instant the crashing sound of an iron anvil is heard against the door. The baffled bandits crouch against the wall as they hear the ringing voice of Ed Mortimer at the door. Another crash and the structure totters and falls, and Iron Bound Ed springs into the room saying—

A "DAIRY" MAID.

A GLOWING flush was on her cheek,
A brightness in her eye,
She seemed as if about to speak
As swift she passed me by.

And as she went, so full of grace,
I saw how very neat
She was, from ribboned cap of lace
To trimly-gaitered feet.

At length she spoke,—alas! the fall
Ere my descent was done!
Above the din I hear her call,—
"Beef and——! Pork and——! Draw one!"

THE HOOP SKIRT.

I REMEMBER, I remember the hoops my best gal wore
When first I went a-sparking her, way back in '54—
For when I'd see her home o' nights, I allow 't was kinder rough
To stump along the gutter, 'cause the walk wa'n't wide enough!

I remember, I remember the settin' room at home,
When the old folks all hed gone to bed an' left us there alone;
To get in spoonin' distance was more'n I could do,
An' when she tuk the sofy seat there wa'n't no room for two!

I remember, I remember how I us' to sweat an' work
A-tryin' to figger out a way to beat that durned hoop skirt:
An' I reckon how I fiddled 'round two year and more that way
Afore I got up spunk to ask my gal to name the day.

I wonder, oh! I wonder, if this the truth can be,
That the comin' hoop skirt's bigger than the ones I us' to see.
An' if it's so, I want to live just long enough to glean
How the young folks nowadays are goin' to tackle crinoline!

MRS. BRADY'S CONUNDRUM.

CHRISTMAS morning sees Mrs. Timothy Brady on her unsteady way down Washington Street. She is moving toward the residence of her long-time friend and gossip, Mrs. Patrick O'Grady, and carries on her arm a covered basket of suspicious appearance. Mrs. O'Grady has left home, and is moving irregularly up Washington Street. Thus it happens that the two women meet about a block away from the O'Grady mansion, and with this result:

"Good mornin' till ye, Misthress O'Grady; and a merry Christmas till ye!"

"A bad mornin', bad cess, and a wurse Christmas till ye, Misthress Brady. Ye've been a-talkin' about me and mine, Misthress Brady, and Oi snaze at ye—Oi snaze in the face of ye, Misthress Brady!"

"Och, murdther! Is it in my face ye'll snaze? Shure the nose of ye's long enough to snaze in the face ov me a whole block away!"

"May the owld horned divil fly away wid me before the risin' ov the blessed sun the morrow morn if Oi'd iver show the haid o' me outside ov me own

dure if Oi had betune me oyes an' mouth no more ov a nose than Oi've got on the flat ev me hand. Go along wid yer two noshtrils for a nose!"

"Misthress O'Grady, I must say it's an illegant way ye have ov addreshin' a neighbor woman, who's the blesshed minit on her way to yer house wid a dthrap o' the beautiful schtuff in the bashket on her arrum, to be wishin' ov ye a merry Chrishtmas and all the blesshin's ov the Howly Church!"

"But you've been talkin' about me and mine. Misthress Brady—ye've been talkin' about the dirthiness ov my family. Oi snaze at ye, Misthress Brady—Oi snaze in the face of ye!"

"Och, but it's bitter ye are wid me the day. Misthress O'Grady, an' me as innoshent of all harrum against ye or them belongin' wid ye as the babe unborn! Wad I be this blesshed minit on me way to yer house wid me bottle in me bashket to wish ye the complemints of the saison if I'd been doin' ye dhirt?"

"That's all foine to say, Misthress Brady, but ye talked about me and mine yistherday to my Ellen, and the puir child kem home a wapin' the eyes out ov her haid. Ye lied about us, Misthress Brady, whin ye said we didn't wash our hands an' face wanst a year, and Oi snaze at ye!"

"Ha! ha! he! he! Why, ye'll be the death o' me, Misthress O'Grady, wid yer quare tuckins on! Why what I said to Miss Ellen yistherday was but a bit joke I had schtudied up out av my own haid—a conundrum like."

"A conundrum was it? Conundrums that brak the heart av me choild! Be off wid ye, and yer conthunderums!"

"Wait—lishten, Misthress O'Grady, till I exshplain what—"

"Let go ov me shawl! Be aff wid ye! Oi snaze at ye, Misthress Brady!"

"I'll not! What I said to Miss Ellen was a joke. Lishten till I tell ye. I was standin' at me front dure, when Miss Ellen kim along, lookin' as clane and rosy and swate as an angel—as she allus does, Misthress O'Grady—and we two schtood talkin' and jokin' a bit. We'd been schpakin' ov the grand fixins up for Chishtmas, whin I said: 'But afther all, Miss Ellen, there's hundreds ov hands and faces in this vary town that's not washed wanst in the whole year, and ye've got some o' thim in yer own house, Miss Ellen O'Grady!'"

"Yis; that was phwat ye said, Misthress O'Grady, ye ould faymale."

"Wait, darlin'—wait, Misthress O'Grady, till I make me explanashion. Ye go aff jisht as Miss Ellen did, for she gave herself a fling and dashed away before I could say to her that it's the hands and faces ov the clocks and watches that are not washed wanst a year!"

"The phwat?"

"Shure the hands and faces ov the clocks and watches are niver washed, and I belave ye have a few o' thim in yer own house, Misthress O'Grady?"

"Oh! take the fule choild! Sure Oi'm ashamed

ov her lack o' wit. Oi see the joke of it at wanst. And that was all ye said, Misthress Brady!"

"It was ivery word I shpoke, Misthress O'Grady—ivery blesshed word!"

"Och, murdther now, look at all the disthress and throuble brought onto all in the house by that fule choild. Come roight home wid me now and Oi'll make Ellen O'Grady apoligize till ye. Phwat have ye in the bit bottle, Misthress Brady, dear?"

THE FUNNY STORY.

IT was such a funny story! how I wish you could
have heard it;
For it set us all a laughing from the little to the
big.
I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to
word it,
Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle,
And Mehitable and Susan put on their broadest
grin.
And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would
wriggle
And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story with its cheery snap and
crackle,
And Sally always told it with so much dramatic
air

That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to
cackle, cackle,
As if in such a frolic they were willing to take
part.

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a ho! ho! ho!
well really; It is he! he! he! I never could begin
to tell you half of the nonsense in it, for I just re-
member clearly, it began with ha! ha! ha! ha! and
it ended with a laugh.

But Sally, she could tell it, looking at you so de-
murely,
With a woe-begone expression that no actress
would despise.
And if you'd never heard it, why you would imagine
surely,
That you'd need your pocket handkerchief to
wipe your weeping eyes;

When age my hair has silvered and my step has
grown unsteady
And the nearest to my visions are the scenes of
long ago.
I shall see the pretty picture and the tears may come
as ready
As the laugh did when I used to—ha! ha! ha!
and ho! ho! ho!

TAKEN ON TRIAL.

Many years since a clergyman was the recipient of this droll but most comprehensive way of rewarding his services.

DAY with dewy eve was blending,
Clouds lay piled in radiant state,
When a fine young German farmer
Rode up to the parson's gate.
Clinging to him on a pillion
Was a maiden fair and tall,
Blushing, trembling, palpitating—
Smiling brightly through it all.
Said the farmer: "Goot Herr Pastor,
Marguerite und I vas coome
Diesen evening to be married.
Dhen mit her I makes mine home."
Soon the nuptial tie was fastened;
Soon the kiss received and given.
In that moment earth had vanished—
They had caught a glimpse of heaven!
But the prudent German farmer
First recalled his tranced wits;
Said: "Herr Pastor, here's von skilling;
Choost at present ve vas quits.
But dake notice, if I finds her—
Marguerite, mine frau, mine queen—
Ven der year vas gone, is better
As goot, vy dhen I coomes again."
Twelve months sped with 'wildering fleetness
Down Time's pathway past recall,

Then there came a barrel rolling,
Thundering through the parson's hall,
With this note: "I send, Herr Pastor,
Mit ein barrel of besten flour,
Dhem five dollars—for mine Marguerite
More better as goot is every hour.
Dot small little baby is ein darling!
If dhey shtay so goot, vy dhen,
Ven dot year vas gone, Herr Pastor,
Quick, booty soon, you hear again."
On the wedding march went singing,
Sweeter, tenderer than before,
At the year's end it came drumming
Gayly at the parson's door,
With this note: "Here vas five dollars
Und ein barrel of besten flour;
Marguerite und dot dear baby
More better as goot is—more and more,
Now dot funny leetle baby
Sucks de ink vots in mine pen,
Makes me laugh—I dink, Herr Pastor,
Next year I vill coome again."
Down the years the pair went marching,
Hand in hand, from dawn to dawn,
Bearing each the other's crosses,
Wearing each the other's crown.
And from year to year came rolling,
Straight into the parson's door,
That "ein barrel of besten flour,"
Always "mit five dollars" more.
They have passed their golden wedding,
Children's children in their train.

Sweeter grows the wedding music,
Gentler, tenderer the strain.
Fainter now and like an echo
From the bright, the better land,
Restfully they wait and listen,
Full of peace, for heaven's at hand!
Moral: Oh! ye men and brethren
Who to marry have a mind,
Pay the parson, as, with trial,
Bliss or misery you find.

FANNY BARLOW.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

PART I.

The following scene is taken from the first act of the celebrated play of RIP VAN WINKLE.

The language is slightly altered and adapted from the original, to make it more manageable as a monologue.

The characters introduced are—

RIP VAN WINKLE.

DERRICK VON BEEKMAN, the villain of the play, who endeavors to get RIP drunk, in order to have him sign away his property to VON BEEKMAN.

NICK VEDDER, the village inn-keeper.

SCENE.—THE VILLAGE INN.

Present, Von Beekman, alone.

Enter Rip, shaking off the Children, who are supposed to cling about him like flies to a lump of sugar.

Rip (to the Children).—Say! hullo, dere, du Yacob Stein! du kleine spitzboob. Let dat dog Schneider

alone, will you? Dere, I tole you dat all de time, if you don'd let him alone he's goin' to bide you! Why, hullo, Derrick! how you was? Ach, my! Did you hear dem liddle fellers just now? Dey most plague me crazy. Ha! ha! ha! I like to laugh my outsides in every time I tink about it. Just now, as we was comin' along togedder, Schneider and me—I don'd know if you know Schneider myself? Well, he's my dog. Well, dem liddle fellers, dey took Schneider, und—ha! ha! ha!—dey—ha! ha!—dey tied a tin kettle mit his tail! Ha! ha! ha! My gracious! of you had seen dat dog run! My, how scared he was! Vell, he was a-runnin' an' de kettle was a-bangin' an'—ha! ha! ha! you believe it, dat dog, he run right betwixt me an' my legs! Ha! ha! ha! He spill me und all dem liddle fellers down in de mud togedder. Ha! ha! ha!

Von Beekman.—Ah! yes; that's all right, Rip; very funny, very funny; but what do you say to a glass of liquor, Rip?

Rip.—Well, now, Derrick, what do I generally say to a glass? I generally say it's a good ting, don'd I? Und I generally say a good deal more to what is in it, dan to de glass.

Von B.—Certainly, certainly! Say; hallo! there! Nick Vedder, bring out a bottle of your best!

Rip.—Dat's right—fill 'em up. You wouldn't believe it, Derrick, but dat is de first one I have had to-day. I guess maybe de reason is, I couldn't got it before. Ah! Derrick, my score is too big! Well, here is your good health und your family's—may

they all live long und prosper. [*They drink.*] Ach! you may well smack your lips, und go ah! ah! over dat liquor. You don'd give me such liquor like dat every day, Nick Vedder. Well, come on, fill 'em up again. Git out mit dat water, Nick Vedder, I don'd want no water in my liquor. Good liquor und water, Derrick, is just like man und wife, dey don'd agree well togedder—dat's me und my wife, any way. Well, come on again. Here is your good health und your family's, und may dey all live long und prosper.

Nick Vedder.—That's right, Rip; drink away, and "drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl."

Rip.—Drown my sorrows? Ya! dat's all very well, but she don'd drown. My wife is my sorrow und you can't drown her; she tried it once, but she couldn't do it. What, didn't you hear about dat, de day what Gretchen she like to got drownded? Ach, my; dat's de funniest ting in de world. I'll tell you all about it. It was de same day what we got married. I bet you I don'd forgot dat day so long what I live. You know dat Hudson River what dey git dem boats over—well, dat's de same place. Well, you know dat boat what Gretchen she was a-goin' to come over in, dat got upsetted—ya! just went righd by der boddom. But she wasn't in de boat. Oh! no; if she had been in de boat—well, den, maybe she might have got drownded. You can't tell anything at all about a ting like dat!

Von B.—Ah! no; but I'm sure, Rip, if Gretchen were to fall into the water now, you would risk your life to save her.

Rip.—Would I? Well, I am not so sure about dat myself. When we was first got married? Oh! ya! I know I would have done it den, but I don'd know how it would be now. But it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. Don'd you know, Derrick, when a man gets married a long time —mit his wife, he gits a good deal attached mit her, und it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. But I don'd know, Derrick. I am afraid if Gretchen should fall in de water now und should say, "Rip, Rip! help me oud"—I should say, "Mrs. Van Winkle, I will just go home und tink about it." Oh! no, Derrick; if Gretchen fall in de water now she's got to swim, I told you dat—ha! ha! ha! ha! Hullo! dat's her a-comin' now; I guess it's bedder I go oud! [*Exit Rip.*]

Part II.

Shortly after his conversation with Von Beekman, Rip's wife catches him carousing and dancing upon the village green with the pretty girls. She drives him away in no very gentle fashion, and he runs away from her only to go and get drunker than before. Returning home after nightfall in a decidedly muddled condition, he puts his head through the open window at the rear, not observing his irate wife, who stands in ambush behind the clothes-bars with her ever-ready broomstick, to give him a warm reception; but seeing only his little daughter Meenie, of whom he is very fond, and who also loves him very tenderly, Rip says:

Meenie! Meenie, my darlin'!

Meenie.—Hush-sh-h.

(*Shaking finger, to indicate the presence of her mother.*)

Rip.—Eh! what's de matter? I don'd see noting, my darlin'.

Meenie.—'Sh-sh-sh!

Rip.—Eh! what? Say, Meenie, is de ole wild cat home? [*Gretchen catches him quickly by the hair.*] Oh! oh! say, is dat you, Gretchen? Say, dere, my darlin', my angel, don'd do dat. Let go my head, wond you? Well, den, hold on to it so long what you like. [*Gretchen releases him.*] Dere, now, look at dat, see what you done—you gone pull out a whole handful of hair. What you want to do a ting like dat for? You must want a bald-headed husband, don'd you?

Gretchen.—Who was that you called a wild cat?

Rip.—Who was dat I call a wild cat? Well, now, let me see, who was dat I call a wild cat? Dat must a' been de same time I come in de winder dere, wasn't it? Yes, I know, it was de same time. Well, now, let me see. [*Suddenly.*] It was de dog Schneider dat I call it.

Gretchen.—The dog Schneider? That's a likely story.

Rip.—Why, of course it is a likely story—aint he my dog? Well, den, I call him a wild cat just so much what I like, so dere now. [*Gretchen begins to weep.*] Oh! well; dere, now; don'd you cry, don'd you cry, Gretchen; you hear what I said? Lisden now. If you don'd cry, I nefer drink anoder drop of liquor in my life.

Gretchen (crying).—O Rip! you have said so so many, many times, and you never kept your word yet.

Rip.—Well, I say it dis time, and I mean it.

Gretchen.—O Rip! if I could only trust you.

Rip.—You mustn't suspect me. Can't you see repentance in my eye?

Gretchen.—Rip, if you will only keep your word, I shall be the happiest woman in the world.

Rip.—You can believe it. I nefer drink anoder drop so long what I live, if you don'd cry.

Gretchen.—O Rip; how happy we shall be! And you'll get back all the village, Rip, just as you used to have it; and you'll fix up our little house so nicely; and you and I, and our darling little Meenie, here—how happy we shall be!

Rip.—Dere, dere, now! you can be just so happy what you like. Go in de odder room, go along mit you; I come in dere pooty quick. [*Exit Gretchen and Minnie.*] My! I swore off fon drinkin' so many, many times, and I never kep' my word yet. [*Taking out bottle.*] I don'd believe dere is more as one good drink in dat bottle, anyway. It's a pity to waste it! You goin' to drink dat? Well, now, if you do, it is de last one, remember dat, old feller. Well, here is your goot held, und—

Enter Gretchen, suddenly, who snatches the bottle from him.

Gretchen.—Oh! you brute! you paltry thief!

Rip.—Hold on dere, my dear, you will spill de liquor.

Gretchen.—Yes, I will spill it, you drunken scoundrel! [*Throwing away the bottle.*] That's the last drop you ever drink under this roof.

Rip (slowly, after a moment's silence, as if stunned by her severity).—Eh! what?

Gretchen.—Out, I say! you drink no more here.

Rip.—What? Gretchen, are you goin' to drive me away?

Gretchen.—Yes! Acre by acre, foot by foot, you have sold everything that ever belonged to you for liquor. Thank Heaven this house is mine, and you can't sell it.

Rip (*rapidly sobering, as he begins to realize the gravity of the situation*).—Yours? yours? Ya! you are right—it is yours; I have got no home. [*In broken tones, almost sobbing*] But where will I go?

Gretchen.—Anywhere! out into the storm, to the mountains. There's the door—never let your face darken it again.

Rip.—What, Gretchen! are you goin' to drive me away like a dog on a night like dis?

Gretchen.—Yes; out with you! You have no longer a share in me or mine. [*Breaking down and sobbing with the intensity of her passion.*]

Rip (*very slowly and quietly, but with great intensity*).—Well, den, I will go; you have drive me away like a dog, Gretchen, and I will go. But remember, Gretchen, after what you have told me here to-night, I can never come back. You have open de door for me to go; you will never open it for me to return. But, Gretchen, you tell me dat I have no longer a share here. [*Points at the child, who kneels crying at his feet.*] Good-bye [*with much emotion*], my darlin'. God bless you! Don'd you nefer forgit your fader. Gretchen [*with a great sob*] I wipe de disgrace from your door. Good-bye, good-bye!

[*Exit Rip into the storm.*]

"YOU GET UP!"

From "Jests, Jingles, and Jottings." Permission of Geo. M. Allen Company.

THERE'S lots of folks that has good times,
There's lots that never does;
But the ones that don't like morning naps
Is the meanest ever wuz.
It's very nice to eat a meal
With pie for its wind up;
'Taint half so sweet's th' nap pa spoils
When he yells "you git up!"

I'd rather lay in bed and snooze,
Jest one small minit more
In the morning, when the sunshine
Comes a-creeping o'er the floor,
Then to go to Barnum's circus or
To own a bull-dog pup.
The meanest thing pa ever said
Wuz "Come now—you git up!"

I like to go in swimming,
And I like to play base-ball;
I like to fight and fly a kite,
'N' I sometimes like to bawl;
But them thare forty winks of sleep
Pa tries to interrup',
Is better 'n' all. It breaks my heart
When pa yells—"You git up!"

I'd stand the hurt and ache and pain
And all the smart and itch
Of having him turn the bed-clothes down
To wake me with a switch,
Ef he 'ud on'y jest go 'way
And let me finish up
The nap I started jest before
He yelled out "You git up!"

You bet, when I git growed up big,
Es rich 'n' old as pa,
'N' never haf to go to school,
Nor work nor stand no jaw—
I'll sleep all day and all night too,
And only jest git up
When I git 'nough sleep to suit me
Ef all the world yells "You git up!"

JOE KERR.

THE CAKE WALK.

I'SE gwine to tell de story for you folks as wasn't dah,
Ob de glittah an' de glory and de grace beyond compah;
De rooms war flushed wid fashing like a ground ob delight,
Wid sunflowers an' peonies an' cabbage roses bright;
In view of all beholdahs, in a cornah, stood de prize,
Wid frost an' wid icings to 'chant de rolling eyes.

De cake for which de couples was dere lubly forms
to swing,
And somewhere in de middle ob de cake, a golden
ring,
To hoop de chahmin' finger ob de empress ob de
walk
Whose prance was gwine to dust de eyes of all dat
toed de chalk.
De 'testants fell in order at de norf end ob de hall,
De gazahs hedged de open track, a hush fell ober all,
An' den, as music's luptuos swell rolled up aroun' de
roof,
Dey all wus ready den an' dere to shake each anxious
hoof:
De fust was Rufus Rider wid Sue Whiting on his
ahm,
An' de way dey engineered dere heels made all de
cahpet wahm.
But his strut was like a turkey's, an hers not quite
de go,
An' bofe retiahed, reft of praise, as Julius Cæsar Snow
Wid Seraphina Waterby came swimming down de
aisle,
Upon dere bres' a peck of flowahs, upon dere lips a
smile.
A buz of 'spressed 'miration chased dere trail until
too late
Jules tried de "Brummel hist" an' frew his gal all
out ob gait.
O Jinks! de look she gub him an' de way she huffed
aside,

As arter em, serene, an' wid de last Parisian glide,
Scip Brown an' Maud Pilaster, all de boahds wid joy did take,
So 'scruciatin' dat 'twar said dey'd shuhly scoop de cake.
So couple arter couple showed alon' de gleamin' lists,
Dere South Fifth Avenue repos, an' Rue de Thompson twists,
Dere dangle tails, an' wriggle hoops, an' all de latest shines,
Whar shingle sole wid goose-neck arch in harmony combines.
But, Lor! dat warn't nuffin to de pow'ful 'citement when
Yours truly tuk de amblin' groun' wid Miss Eugenia Wren.
I only had to feel her wris' again' my bosom fon',
To make me skim de cahpet like de drake upon de pon'.
My pins war spry as crickets, an' my gunboats light as air,
Only to watch de hebenly steps ob dat fair creachah dah.
Wid one eye on de spell-bound frongs an' one upon de cake.
She see-sawed down de middle wid de flounces in her wake,
Jes similar to a steam tug dat leabes a trail behin'.
An' when at las' she rested wid her shouldah hunched in mine,

An' ducked her face behin' her fan to hide de happy tears,
You'd t'ought de house had bursted wid de ringin' shouts and cheahs.
De votes was tuk; de cake was ours; we sliced it dere an' den.
Out dropped de ring to deck the han' ob Miss Eugenia Wren,
An' as I rubbed it on, she took my button-hole bokay,
An' snuffed it for dem, all to show her 'preciation gay.
Oh! den dere war de 'citement! Some jumped upon de cheahs;
Some histed umbrellas fur to shed de rainin' teahs,
An' fin'ly closed wid blaze an' bluster, an' de bangin' ob de ban'!
O Lor'! dere nebber were such times in all dis happy lan';
I'd radder be de hero ob a cake walk sich as dat
Dan de proudest juke dat ebber wore a diamond for a hat.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR ON HYPNOTISM.

"HYBNODISM," the German professor said thoughtfully, "vos a mendal disorder dot vos raging brincipally in der noosebapers. It vos a hypertrophy auf der imachination, undt der writers on mendal phleenomens vos first attacked. You mighd call ut a sort auf writer's cramp auf der prain.

Der ingrediences peen made auf a fool undt a rascal. Mix thoroughly und set avay in a cool blace. Bud one well-authendicated case has been reported, undt dot vos told py a nodorious liar auf France. As a defence for der lawyers to sed up in murder drials it vould peen a pudding, as Schiller saidt; but its brincipal use so far alreaty has peen confined to sheap novels undt skyentific makazines. Fife tousand years ago a Greek philosopher hybnodized a roosdershicken mit a straight chalk-mark on der floor, undt now, in 1893, der skyentific beeples discofer dot you can hybnotize beeples auf dey aindt got as much prains as dot rooster. Nature got hard feelings towards a vacuum, undt auf you aindt got no intelligences auf your own you can absorp dot from somepody else. It vos a choyful surbrise to some beeple's headts to get a mind inside auf dem py hybnodism auf dey didn't had some alreaty py natural. It's bedder, young mens, dot you cultivate some prains auf your own, aber you depend on hybnodism aber hypdermic inchections auf mendality. In der meantimes I can hybnodize dis class more expeditiously und skimultaneously mit a glub. It's bedder you enchoy dis pecooliar phleenomens vhile she is goin', pycause she vill soon go down der stream auf time pehind der blue glass, der roller-skate, Kock's lymph, Keeley's gold cure, undt pig-headed canes. You can now go der door outside undt blay ball mit your feet.

A. T. Worden.

OVERHEARD AT THE ZOO.

ADDRESSED TO A DUDE.

"IN conclusion," continued the ape, sadly, "permit me to say things are woefully disproportioned.

"There you are outside, and here I am inside.

"Of course, I appreciate the fact that I am in a measure exotic, and so comprehend why I am caged; but the thing that gets me is that you are permitted to have so much liberty.

"And lastly—but excuse me" (zip! whack!! bang!!!). "There, escaped as usual; ever troubled that way?—and lastly:

"I see in you, although I dread to admit it, all the characteristics that make me desirable as a feature of this menagerie, with the exception that you have no tail.

"There, now, don't be offended—you can't help it. Besides, I have a pointer for you that is valuable.

"I will trouble you for another peanut. Thanks!

"And finally, my dear, hear—ahem; you see that legend opposite?—'Don't trifle with the monkeys.' Well, as I sit normally, I read it just that way—'Don't trifle with the monkeys.' But suppose I hang head downward—thus—the legend reverses to 'Don't monkey with trifles.'

"That is all.

"No; one word more, and I am done. You see the point; this world is too serious and matter-of-

fact to tolerate a waste of energy. If you have to concentrate, why, focus on something worth while: besides—

"Excuse me; there's another one of those blamed" (zip! zap!!) "crawling down my neck"—(zip!). "Ah, ha, at last! see there?

"Good-day." CHARLES M. SNYDER.

A FALL-CRICK VIEW OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

From Nye & Riley's Railway Guide. Permission of F. T. Neely, Chicago, Publisher.

I KIN hump my back and take the rain,
And I don't keer how she pours;
I kin keep kindo' ca'm in a thunder storm,
No matter how loud she roars;
I haint much skeered o' the lightnin',
Ner I haint sich awful shakes
Afeared o' cyclones—but I don't want none
O' yer dad-burned old earthquakes!

As long as my legs keep stiddy,
And long as my head keeps plum,
And the buildin' stays in the front lot,
I still kin whistle—some!
But about the time the old clock
Flops off'n the mantel shelf,
And the bureau skoots fer the kitchen,
I'm a-goin' to skoot, myself!

Plague take! ef you keep me stabled
While any earthquakes is around!—

I'm jist like the stock—I'll beller,
And break fer the open ground!
And I 'low you'd be as nervous,
And in jist about my fix,
When yer whole farm slides from inunder you,
And on'y the mortgage sticks!

Now cars haint a-goin' to kill you
Ef you don't drive 'crost the track;
Creditors never'll jerk you up
If you go and pay 'em back;
You kin stand all moral and mundane storms
Ef you'll only just behave—
But a' earthquake—well, if it wanted you,
It 'ud husk you out o' yer grave!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

PAPA AND THE BOY.

CHARMING as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about 1 o'clock in the morning. There are young and talkative children who have no more regard for your feelings or for the proprieties of life than to open their eyes with a snap at 1 or 2 A. M., and to seek to engage you in enlivening dialogue of this sort.

"Papa."

You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will

keep the youngster quiet; but again that boy of three pipes out sharply:

"Papa!"

"Well?" you say.

"You 'wake, papa?"

"Yes."

"So's me."

"Yes; I hear that you are," you say with cold sarcasm. "What do you want?"

"Oh! nuffin."

"Well, lie still and go to sleep then."

"I isn't s'eepy, papa."

"Well, I am, young man."

"Is you? I isn't—not a bit. Say, papa, papa! If you was rich what would you buy me?"

"I don't know—go to sleep."

"Wouldn't you buy me nuffin?"

"I guess so; now you—"

"What, papa?"

"Well, a steam engine, may be; now you go right to sleep."

"With a bell that would ring, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now you—"

"And would the wheels go wound, papa?'

"Oh! yes (yawning). Shut your eyes now, and—"

"And would it go choo, choo, choo, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now go to sleep."

"Say, papa."

No answer.

"Papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"Is you 'fraid of the dark?"

"No "(drowsily).

"I isn't either. Papa!"

"Well?"

"If I was wich I'd buy you somefin."

"Would you?"

"Yes; I'd buy you some ice cweam and some chocolum drops and a toof brush and panties wiv bwaid on like mine, and a candy wooster, and—"

"That will do. You must go to sleep now."

Silence for half a second, then

"Papa! papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"I want a jink."

"No, you don't."

"I do, papa."

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink," and you scurry out to the bathroom in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

"Now I don't want to hear another word from you to-night," you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:

"Papa!"

"See here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if—"

"I can spell 'dog,' papa."

"Well, nobody wants to hear you spell at 2 o'clock in the morning."

"B-o-g—dog; is that right?"

"No; it isn't. But nobody cares if—"

"Then it's d-o-g, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes; now you lie right down and go to sleep instantly."

"Then I'll be a good boy, won't I, papa?"

"Yes; you'll be the best boy on earth. Good night, dearie."

"Papa!"

"Well, well! What now?"

"Is I your little boy?"

"Yes, yes; of course."

"Some mans haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-ten, free hundred little boys?"

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over three or four times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure that you are there, and the boy is asleep with his heels where his head ought to be.

J. L. Harbour.

THAT LITTUL ORFUN BRAT.

From "Jests, Jingles, and Jottings." Permission of Geo. M. Allen Company.

ONCT there was a little boy that hadn't any pa,
An' it wouldn' have been half so bad ef he had had a ma;
But he didn't have no ma nor pa nor any other folks
To spank him or to box his ears or 'buse him when he'd coax
Fer things they tho't he didn't 'serve or ought to have at all;
An' that's the reason why he had to work when he was small.
An' he didn't get nice things to eat to make him strong and fat,
An' they never called him nothing 'cept
"That littul orfun brat."

An' they put him in the fields to work 'fore he was hardly born,
So one day when he was hung-er-y, he stealed a ear of corn;
An' so they 'bused him terrible and sent him off to bed,
To a room where great big ghostses keep a walking while they're dead.
And the skellingtons and ghostess kep' a walking round the room,
An' a-moaning and a-groaning in the dark night's awful gloom;

But it didn't do 'em any good to carry on like that
For I didn't seem to scare at all
"That littul orfun brat."

So every day when working he would steal a ear of corn,
An' take it off into the woods an' hide it—in a horn;
An' after that he took to stealing wheat and oats and fodder
(Said he, "Me mudder's dead—I never had no fadder").
And then he went to Congress and there stealed from Uncle Sam,
An' when they told him of it said he "didn't give a clam."
They scart him into being bad—he couldn't be blamed for that.
When sent to Sing Sing you will find
"That littul orfun brat."

JOE KERR.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

THE recent remarkable experience of Professor Von Schweinhund, of the Milwaukee Polytechnic Institute, promised at one time to be of great interest to all philosophers, and especially to electricians. Although this promise was not fulfilled, it is nevertheless true that the experience in question was quite unprecedented, and deserves the attention of all thinking men.

On the night of the 21st of December, Professor Von Schweinhund was spending the evening with a number of friends at the residence of —— Smith, Esq., discussing the philosophy of the unconditioned in connection with Milwaukee beer. At about 1 o'clock A. M., it occurred to him that Mrs. Schweinhund would be uneasy at his prolonged absence from home, and would undoubtedly sit up for him and welcome him with energetic hands in an exceedingly warm manner. He therefore took a final glass of beer, put on his capacious ulster, and bade the company farewell.

The night was exceedingly cold, and the pavement was unusually active in its motions. This, together with a weakness in the Professor's legs, bue to a severe cold in the head, led him to pause by a convenient lamp-post to collect his thoughts. He rested for several minutes, unbuttoned his ulster to look at his watch, buttoned it up again, and summoning all his energies, prepared to resume his walk. To his great alarm he found that he could not move from the spot. An unseen and unknown force held him tight to the iron lamp-post, and his most frantic efforts could not enable him to release himself.

His first impression was that he had been tied to the lamp-post by thieves while resting himself, but he could not discover the slightest trace of any rope, and was thus compelled to abandon the hypothesis. Soon he began to feel a strange sensation of something very cold in the region of his breast and abdomen. It was clear to him that a cold current was

running from his breast-bone downward, and, being a profound philosopher, he reasoned that as he felt this current in front it must really be in active operation somewhere else, and was, undoubtedly, running down his spinal column. After deep meditation he suddenly remembered that he had heard that certain streets in Milwaukee were soon to be lighted by the electric light. He looked upward at the lamp above his head and saw that it was not only extremely bright, but that it seemed to be divided into three or four separate lamps. He now comprehended the mystery of his imprisonment. The lamp-post to which he was fastened was evidently one of those to which the electric light had been applied. The electric current passing through the iron lamp-post had been switched off by the attraction of his spinal column, and was flowing through him, producing the sensation of extreme cold and fastening him with a force of several tons to the lamp-post.

The horror of his situation now clearly stared Professor Von Schweinhund in the face. He saw that not only would he be held to the lamp-post until some one should come to his assistance and turn off the electric current, but that in all probability the electricity would gradually disintegrate his spinal marrow, and thus either kill him outright or reduce him to a miserable, spineless, gelatinous wreck. Moreover, he feared that the cold produced by the current would affect his heart, and, by disturbing his circulation, bring about a fatal result. In these circumstances he lifted up his voice and howled for

help, but the silence of the midnight streets remained unbroken except by his agonized voice.

About two o'clock two young men came down the street and, attracted by the Professor's cries, kindly stopped and listened to his story. In the most unfeeling manner they burst into a laugh and refused to give him any help. They even made rude remarks concerning beer, and told him that the cool night air was good for him. Professor Von Schweinhund lost his temper and addressed to them the strongest language contained in the German dictionary; but they only laughed the more and went on their wicked and heartless way.

It was nearly morning when a shapely policeman approached and, after listening to the Professor's pitiful story, said to him: "See here, old man, if you're that drunk that you don't know you've buttoned your ulster round that lamp-post I guess I had better take you in." Light dawned on the mind of the philosopher as he listened to the policeman and glanced at himself in the glare of the bull's-eye lantern. There was a basis of truth in the policeman's remarks. Professor Von Schweinhund had buttoned his ulster round the lamp-post, and had thus unwittingly made himself a prisoner.

The coat was promptly unbuttoned, and the Professor resumed his homeward walk. Now that he was free he rather regretted that his electrical hypothesis had proved to be false. Had it been true he could have written a powerful pamphlet on the subject, and would have been spared the necessity of

explaining to Mrs. Von Schweinhund that, owing to a mistake in connection with his ulster, he had been kept away from home until 3.30 A. M.

COMING FROM THE PICNIC.

HE stood on the track, young Jimmy,
With hot and fevered breath,
Waving his lantern madly,
For he knew that an awful death

Was in store for the happy people
On the train just a mile away,
Who had been to a woodlawn picnic
That bright September day.

A rock on the track behind him
Made his forehead cold and damp;
That's why he feared for their safety—
That's why he swung the lamp.

The train was stopped, and the people
Flocked all around young Jim,
Who stood there, a little hero,
Trembling in every limb.

And did they take up a collection
For him for saving their lives,
And load up a hat with money—
Twenties and tens and fives?

And call him a brave young hero,
And clap him upon the back,

As the sturdy young boy who had noticed
The bowlder upon the track?

Nay, nay; nein, nein. I guess not;
They took him upon the cars,
And carried him to the city,
And put him behind the bars.

He was tried, convicted, and sentenced
To eighteen months in jail.
Ungrateful? Oh! no; but they knew him—
That trick of his was stale.

BRANDON BANNER.

GEORGA WASHINGDONE.

GEORGA WASHINGDONE vos a vera gooda man. His fadda he keepa bigga place in Washingdone Street. He hada a greata bigga lot planta wees cherra, peacha, pluma, chesnutta, peanutta, an' banan trees. He sella to mena keepa de standa. Gooda mana to Italia mana was Georga Washingdone. He hata de Irish. Kicka dem vay lika dees.

One tay wen litta Georga his son vos dessa high, lika de hoppagrass, he taka hees litta hatchet an' he beginna to fool around de place. He vos vera fresh vos litta Georga. Poota soon he cutta downa de cherra tree lika dees. Dat spoila de cherra cropa for de season. Den he goa round trea killa de banan an' de peanutta.

Poota soon Georga's fadda coma rounda quicka lika dees. Den he lifta uppa hees fista looka lika

big bunch a banan, an' he vos just goin' to giva litta Georga de smaka de snoota if he tolda lie. Hees eyes blaze lika dees.

Litta Georga he say in hees minda—"I gitta puncha anyhow, so I tella de square ting." So he holda up hees litta handa lika dees, an' he calla "Tima!"

Den he saya, "Fadda, I cutta de cherra tree weesa mia own litta hatchet!"

Hees fadda he say, "Coma to de barn weesa me! Litta Georga, I wanta speeka weesa you!"

Den hees fadda cutta big club, an' he spitta hees handa, lika dees!"

Litta Georga say, "Fadda, I could notta tella de lie, because I knowa you caughta me deada to rights!"

Den de olda man he smila lika dees, an' he tooka litta Georga righta down to Wall Street, an' made him a present of de United States!

MARSH SONG—SUNRISE.

OVER the monstrous, swashing sea,
Over the Balderdash sea,
The jayhawk wings its fluttering flight—
The pelican greets the morning light—
Antonio—where is he?

Over the gruesome, gruntling sea,
Over the Brobdignag sea,
Antonio came in the dead of night—

Came like a jabberwock in its flight,
And borrowed four dollars of me.

Over the muddling, haggling sea,
Over the Caliban sea,
With four fair dollars come if you can;
I'm strapped—I'm broke—Antonio—Man
Brother—come back to me!

EUGENE FIELD.

OVER BEHIND DER MOON.

From "Jests, Jingles, and Jottings." Permission of Geo. M. Allen Company.

MY name it's Hans Von Hillon; und
I come like vone bad shillin', phon
Out vere de clouds vet water vas spillin'—
It's—over behind der moon.

I came phon a place called shadowland,
Vere dere's neffer a sorrow on any hand,
For de peebles are ghosts, you understand,
Und its—over behind der moon.

Dey neffer grew veary of life over dere—
Dey know nuttings of trouble, or sorrow, or care—
Und der vimmens dond bodder aboud what dey vear,
It's—over behind der moon.

De chentlemens dere are Apollos and such—
Dey speag no lankwitch—not even de Dutch—

Do dey wed not for love but for money? Not much!
Dot's—over behind der moon.

In dis land of der shadows, der teeahter hats
Of der ladies are smaller dan lace lamp mats;
Und Republicans dere are all Democrats—
It's—over pehind der moon.

Der police over dere are as chendle as lambs;
Der drinking men neffer acquire der James Jams;
Der wives never scold—dey are silent as clams—
It's—over behind der moon.

Der vimmins dere neffer deceif men nor flirt;
Der leedle vones neffer cry out vhen dey're hurt;
Dey are all rich as Wanderbild. Still I assert;
Dot it's—over behind der moon.

Der ministers dere neffer take a vacation;
Der business men haf no base-ball recreation,
Und lawyers oud dere all die of starvation—
It's—over behind der moon.

In dis land of der skies no vone effer dies;
Der ladies don'd powder, nopody tells lies,
Und der merchants get rich, yet dey don'd atfertise.
It's—over pehind der moon.

Der peebles don'd use umbrellas, und yet
Dey go out in der rain und dey neffer get vet.
No vone in dat country vas effer in debt.
It's—over behind der moon.

Vould you like to be oud in dis peautiful land,
Vhere you live like a lord midoud turning your hand,
Vhere all de surroundinks are lofely und grand
Und dere's vonderful peebles on effery hand?
Vhere dhey haf rabid transit? A navy vell manned?
Vhere political peebles are peaceful und bland?
Vhere you neffer get freckled or sunburnt or tanned?
Vhere der moosic beats Gilmore's or Kappa's brass band,
Und your bvow is foheffer by anchel vings fanned?
Vell—be choost like me; und den pretty quick,
You catch a bat cold—und you be pretty sick;
Und den, later on—perhaps pretty soon—
You kick some buckets; und. biff! you go
Over behind der moon.

JOE KERR.

"OH! PROMISE ME."

AFTER DE KOVEN.

Suggested by the cold weather of January 1893.

OH! promise me that some day you and I
We'll get ourselves together; then we'll fly.
We'll fly to a much warmer clime than this,
Where we can sit on river banks and kiss;
On river banks where sunflowers always grow,
And where we'll never have to think of snow.
And where from icy fetters we'll be free.
Oh! promise me! Oh! promise me!

Oh! promise me that you will hold my hand,
This cold and clammy—chapped and chilly hand.
And as you gaze into my watery eyes,
Please tell me of that longed-for paradise
Where the warm water always flows!
And we can dress in summer clothes.
Instead of ice cream we'll take tea.
Oh! promise me! Oh! promise me!

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

THE SMALL BOY'S LOQUITUR.

I HATE those pants that mother makes,
And "leaves me room to grow;"
That's why they drag around my legs,
That's why they wobble so.

That's why the pockets at the side
Are way down by the feet;
And the way I know the front from back,
Is the patch that's on the seat.

That's why they look so kind of queer;
I'm going to tell her so;
I hate those pants that mother makes
With "lots of room to grow."

THE ELUSIVE DOLLAR BILL.

SOME things look mighty easy until you try them. The other morning as I left the house, my wife said:

"Henry, I wish you would send one dollar to the office of the 'Children's Beacon Light,' and get the paper six months on trial for the children; they send the loveliest oil painting to every subscriber."

In the course of the day my wife's request came to my mind, and I accordingly wrote the necessary letter to the presiding genius of the aforesaid publication, and then, of course, I had to enclose the dollar.

Now I had numerous silver coin of the denomination of one dollar about my person, but I had no promissory note of our esteemed relative, Uncle Sam, for that amount. I would just step down-stairs, and get a bill in exchange for a silver dollar at one of the stores.

The first store I entered was a grocery store. A gazelle-eyed clerk with a protruding forehead was doing up a dollar's worth of light-brown sugar and two bars of soap for a benevolent-looking old lady with a large basket.

"May I trouble you to exchange a dollar bill for a silver dollar?" I asked in that bland tone that has made our family famous in legislative halls. He looked right through me at the stove, and said pleasantly:

"Haintgotany—do you prefer this mottled or the Imperial clear soap, Mrs. Jawson?"

Then I tried a dry-goods store. The girl, dressed in the blue jersey, with the blonde bangs, to whom I preferred my request, referred me with an imperious wave of her jeweled hand to the cashier. To that mighty potentate I said:

"May I trouble you to exchange a dollar bill for a silver dollar?"

"Naw; we don't keep silver dollars for dollar bills."

"But I want a dollar bill for a silver dollar."

"Oh! Well, we don't keep them, either."

I did not insist upon it.

I then tried, without success, three dry-goods emporiums, six retail grocery stores, four confectioners, two banks, and a cigar store. The majority of the tradesmen I came in contact with would look at me in a sad, reproachful, half-suspicious sort of a way, when I made my want known, that, had I been less determined, would have melted me into buying something I didn't want at almost every store.

At the cigar store I quailed. The young man who was perusing the pink columns of the "Police Gazette" at the back end of the store came forward so promptly when I rattled my dollar on the show-case, and with such an imploring "strong or mild" look on his ingenuous countenance that my heart was touched. I do not smoke—it makes me sick and gives me the heart-burn—but I said, calmly:

"Give me twenty-five cents' worth of those in the corner—those with the red paper belts on."

I felt homeless and alone in the world; I would have paid double the price of admission just then to have seen the face of a friend; but though I have lived in this city for many years, not a familiar face could I see. I was about to depart in sadness and a car to my office, which I had left a mile behind (it may seem queer that I did not leave my office in front of me where I could watch it, but I did not), when I saw the smiling countenance of a very short and very wide German gentleman, standing across the street at the door of his lager beerery. I am very impulsive, and my impulses at once started me across the street in his direction.

Here, I thought is a man and a brother, a retailer of malt and spirituous beverages; and perhaps—stranger things have happened—he has a paper dollar in his till. By the time I had thought all that out with my customary care I was in hailing distance of him; but I didn't hail him; I don't know how to hail. I only said: "How do you do, sir?" He looked at me with a calm contemplative gaze and said: "Wegates!"

At the termination of this conversation we both felt better. I could smile at my desolation of a few moments ago. Things, as many things as I could see, began to assume a brighter hue. I would make another effort to get that dollar.

"I said: "Mr. Schlieffenheimer (that was the most of his name), do you happen to have a dollar bill in the drawer there?"

"Nn-nn-n-mm-m-hah?" remarked Mr. Schliffenheimer, pleasantly.

"Have you got a dollar bill in your money drawer?" Again this undeserved look of distrust.

"Vell, und vot if I haf?" queried this portly Ganymede.

"Why, you see, I have been looking for one for the past two hours; I want to use one."

"Vell! mein gracious! You t'ink I lets sompodies use mein moneys, eh? Vot you take me for?"

"But you don't understand me. I want you to give me a dollar bill, paper money, you know, for this silver dollar."

Mr. S. became needlessly excited at this point: "Of you don'd leaf mein blace mit your gonfidence skin games, I ring der batrol vagon up mit you."

By the way Mr. Schlieffenheimer's eyes snapped I judged he was prepared to execute this threat. As a last desperate chance I said, with as much impressive solemnity as I could muster: "My friend, I will give you these two silver dollars for a one-dollar bill."

He spoke not, but the energetic manner in which he reached for the bung-starter was so suggestive of an intention to do me bodily harm that I retreated toward the door. Mr. S. followed, and in a choice selection of some of the most inelegant but forcible epithets, from both the German and the English languages, and with the most appalling fluency, gave me to understand that I would better exercise my nefarious calling in some other place than his; and as I backed to the door I was met by a large, red-nosed, navy-blue, brass-buttoned policeman who said:

"Now look here, cully, I've been watchin' you try to work your little game long enough, 'n' if you make any more breaks on my beat you go in; now you hear me!" I heard him. Perhaps I looked like a confidence man then; I know I felt like one. I left the scene of the encounter—it's probably there yet.

What's that? Did I finally get one? Yes, I did. My wife found those three cigars in my vest pocket that night, and with tears in her eyes said she had known for some time that I was keeping a secret from her; but she never would have supposed that I had contracted that filthy habit. Of course I had to explain how the nasty things came into my possession, but the only terms under which she agreed to be convinced were that I should give her fifteen dollars with which to purchase a mink boa.

Implicit faith in me was cheap at any price, and I gave her the money; and in that cute little alligator's skin wallet her brother William gave me last Christmas I found the object of my afternoon's disastrous quest—a paper dollar.

H. L. Wilson.

UNAWARES.

From "Jests, Jingles, and Jottings." Permission of Geo. M. Allen Company.

ONCE they was a man without no hairs;
And his head was shiny and smooth,
Just like a egg that's fresh from the layers;
And his mouth only had one tooth.

And some wicked, wicked boys met this poor old man
And they telled him to "Go up, bald head."
But they didn't see the bears, comin' on 'em unawares,
So now the bad boys is dead.

And at a'other time, some Philistine folks,
'At lived where Samson did,
Was hotty and was proud and was always makin' jokes
'Bout the Samson's family kid.
So what did Samson do to bring 'em up to time,
But hit 'em with a jaw-bone on the head!
And that was worse than bears comin' on 'em unawares,
For now the bad folks is all dead.

And once they was a man called Jonah for short,
That wouldn't do no work for the Lord;
And he tumbled off a boat 'bout a mile from port,
And got swallowed by a whale for reward.
But he tasted awful bad and it made the poor whale sick,
So he landed poor Jonah on his head.
And they wasn't any bears comin' on 'em unawares,
But Jonah and the whale both is dead.

And they was another man named Dan-i-yell,
That was much too good for to eat;
For they throwed him in a den where some lions was—
But then Danny was the wrong kind of meat.

For the lions smelt around, on the floor and on the
ground,
An' they didn't touch his feet nor his head.
But if any big bears had come on 'em unawares,
You bet the big bears would be dead.

So if any little girls or any little boys,
Or folks that's growed up big,
Don't stop a bein' bad and a-makin' so much noise,
And pertending they don't care a fig—
They'll find that after awhile, jest as like as not,
Maybe when they jest went to bed,
They'll be some awful bears comin' on 'em unawares,
And then the bad folks'll be dead.

JOE KERR.

A RURAL REMONSTRANCE.

OLD Farmer Winrow raised his head
And laid aside his paper;
His spectacles slid down his nose
And rested on its taper.

"Wall, I declar'!" he cried aloud,
"This beats the very dickens!
They've gone and shifted round the time,
As sure as chicks is chickens.

"I never heerd, upon my word,
Of anything to beat it;
I r'ally think them city folks
Hev got their minds unseated.

"An' what is this I read in here?
Great Cæsar! Save the flock!
They're goin' to stretch the hours out
To twenty-four o'clock!"

The worthy farmer scratched his ear
In deepest meditation;
He gazed perplexed upon the clock
With mental agitation.

"For sixty years I've plowed along
As reg'lar as the sun, sir,
And used the good old-fashioned time
Without a hitch, by gum! sir.

"But times hev undergone a shift,
If I be not mistaken,
An' some new cranks try every day
To give this world a shakin'.

"They string my fields with telephones,
Or some new-fangled trashes;
They send out one-wheeled railway trains
To everlastin' smashes.

"An' yet they be not satisfied
With the customs they hev slander'd,
But they must go an' 'riginate
A new an' fresh 'time standard.'

"I r'ally shouldn't be surprised,
Nor my old old woman, either,
If them thar city lunatics
Should drop time altogether.

"An some fine day, when we arise
Our daily race to run,
We'll find that while we've been asleep
They've turned around the sun!

"But r'ally, now, I didn't think,
(Nor my old Sal, I reckons),
They'd go and steal from Father Time
Some fifty score of seconds.

"Ah! now I see theer little game!
As I'm a calculator
They've backed their clocks a quarter-hour
To sleep a little later."

BOSTON COURIER.

A TALE OF THE EAST (SIDE).

IN the rushing rue de Chatham
Where they clothe and shoe and hat 'em
In dem wery latest fash'n, loud and cheap,
Is dot shtore of Ike and Jacob,
Un' no udder shop can rake up
Such a hook and counter 'sortment like dey keep.

Walks inside a wild-eyed stranger—
Maybe cowboy, maybe granger—
Buys a rainbow-tinted tie for eighty cents.
Jakey hastens to deliver
In a fierce, perspiring shiver—
See?—before the sucker customer relents.

"No, I want no shiny collar;
Here, old Skewdix, is a dollar.
I must hurry; keep the change." And out he lit.
'Twas too much for Jake. Ike found him
Faint and limp as they surround him;
Also found it was a case of—counter fit.

JOHN ALBRO.

BILL.

HE was six years old, and his name was Bill. I took him up on my knee, and asked him if he would like to hear the story of the flood, and he said he would.

"Well, Bill, once there was a man named Noah, who—"

"Noah what?"

"Simply Noah. He had no last name."

"How did they find him in the directory, then?"

"There were no directories. Noah lived a great many years ago, and—"

"Didn't live before the Centennial, did he?"

"Yes, thousands of years before."

"Did he wear pants?"

"I don't know. He lived in a country where—"

"Somewhere in Indiana, wasn't it?"

"In Asia Minor, where everybody was very wicked excepting Noah and his three sons."

"Were they all boys?"

"Yes, and—"

"Could they whistle on their fingers?"

"And Noah knew there was going to be a flood."

"In Rancocas Creek?"

"No; I'll tell you directly if you'll wait."

"Did it sweep away the mill-dam?"

"And so Noah and his sons went to work to build a huge boat, which—"

"A steamboat?"

"No; of course not. Which they called an ark."

"What did they call it that for?"

"And while they were building it numbers of people came to see them, and—"

"Reporters, were they?"

"And laughed at them for supposing there would be a flood."

"Did you say it wasn't in the Rancocas?"

"But they went on building the boat, without minding the people, so that—"

"Had she a jib-boom?"

"Oh! I don't know. And so one day it began to rain, very, very hard."

"I know what you're going to say. Noah left his umbrella at home."

"Oh! pshaw! They had no umbrellas in those days."

"No gum shoes either?"

"And it rained, and rained, and rained, and rained, until—"

"What rained?"

"So that the water began to cover the whole surface of the ground."

"Why didn't it run into the sewers?"

"So Noah and his family went into the ark, and took all kinds of animals with them, and—"

"Not spiders?"

"Yes, spiders."

"And eels, too?"

"Yes, and—"

"But not potato bugs?"

"I guess so."

"And pelicans?"

"Oh! yes, everything."

"What did he take in bedbugs for?"

"Oh! do hush! You ask too many questions."

"Did the billy-goat butt Noah's boys?"

"So when they were all in, Noah shut the door and the ark floated."

"Was the whale towed behind? Where did he keep the tadpoles?"

"And it rained harder and harder all the time."

"Was there a Mrs. Noah?"

"Of course."

"Well, how did she dry her washing when it rained?"

"And so the ark sailed along upon the water for many days."

"Did they row it?"

"No."

"What did Noah and the boys do?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Maybe they fished off the side of the boat."

"Very likely they did."

"What did they fish for?"

"To catch fish, of course."

"Did they get any?"

"Oh! I reckon so."

"You think they really caught some?"

"Oh! certainly. And I think it's not worth while telling a story to such an inquisitive boy as you."

"Well, now, how could they catch fish outside, when you said that they took all the animals of every kind into the ark with them?"

"Why, you see, Bill—"

"It's outrageous!" said Bill, jumping off of my knee, and moving toward the door. "I believe you're a scandalous story-teller, and that you made up the whole thing. I'm going to call mother, and tell her you're setting me a bad example. Father'll make the fur fly off of you when he comes home."

Then Bill flitted up-stairs, and I went away. I am beginning now to catch a glimpse of some of the difficulties in educating youth.

MAX ADELER.

"DANNY DEEVER" UP TO DATE.

"WHAT is your bugle blowin' for?" said Rudyard to the maid.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the colored servant said.

"What makes you look so pale and white?" said Rudyard to the maid.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the colored servant said.
For they're up with Baby Kipling, you can hear the swear words play;
The family's in a hollow square—they're up with her to-day.
She's driven of the neighbors off for seven blocks away.
And they're up with Baby Kipling in the mornin'.

"What makes 'er breathe so loud an' hard?" said Rudyard-on-parade.
"It's gotter cold, it's gotter cold," the colored servant said.
"What makes 'er break out with the rash?" said Rudyard-on-parade.
"A touch of heat, a touch of heat," the colored servant said.
For they're up with Baby Kipling, daddy's marchin' her around;
An' they've 'aited Baby Kipling, while her daddy's toe is bound,
An' she'll yowl in 'alf a minute like a homeless, friendless 'ound—
Oh! they're up with Baby Kipling in the mornin'.

"'Er cot is right 'and cot to mine?" said Rudyard-on-parade.
"She aint a-sleepin' much to-night," the colored servant said.

"I give 'er pap a score of times," said Rudyard-on-parade.
"She's weepin' bitter tears all right," the colored servant said.
They're up with Baby Kipling, you must walk 'er round the place,
For there's somethin' on 'er stomach, and there's wrath upon her face.
And she's 'owling like a Feejee to 'er quiet dad's disgrace—
While they're up with Baby Kipling in the mornin'.

"What makes 'er grow black in the face? says Rudyard-on-parade.
"She's yelpin' so she's lost 'er wind" the colored servant said.
"What's that a-breakin' over 'ead?" said Rudyard-on-parade.
"It is the welcome rosy morn," the colored servant said.
For they're done with Baby Kipling; papa now can run an' play.
She's peacefully a sleepin' an' the doctor's gone away,
An' tootsey, you can bet you'll drive your dad to drink to-day,
After bein' up with baby in the mornin'.

THE ROYAL BUMPER DEGREE.

"SAY, are you a Mason, or a Nodfellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes; of course I am. But what set you to thinking of that?" asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh! nuthin', only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellers did, and said we ought to try to grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room and purtend to nishiate, and pa said it wouldn't do us any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable and carried him up to my room

when pa and ma was out riding, but the goat blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could bunt a picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime that was so improving to our intellex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blatting so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps.

"We went up-stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say 'a pilgaric who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, 'cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have a side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason lodge

you sprinke a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose. You can get three times as much to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed, and pa rapped and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a-laffing and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right toward the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was laffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in a low bass tone if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He wanted the whole business, and told us to go on with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not to blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him bump!' Pa repeated the words and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's mustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the lager beer goat raring up, and he

started for it just like a cow-catcher, and blatted. Pa is real fat, and he knew he had got hit, and he grunted and said, 'What are you boys doin?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa an' ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting and sneezing and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down-stairs the way we boys slide down-hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister who comes to see ma every three times a week was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blatting and sneezing, and the minister came into the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and, as he didn't know the minister was there, he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to the bad place sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that cussed goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor and he and ma went down, and while they were talkin' my chum and me adjourned the lodge,

and I went and stayed with him all night, and I haven't been home since; but I don't believe pa will lick me, 'cause he said he wouldn't hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat hisself, and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me 'cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good-bye, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

PECK'S SUN.

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

From Dialect Ballads. Harper & Bros., N. Y., Publishers.

DHERE vas many qveer dings in dis land off der free
I neffer could qvite understand;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets plenty droubles, und indo mishaps
Mitoudt der least bit of a cause;
Und vould you pelief it? dose mean Yangee chaps,
Dey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a vhite man so vicked as dot!
Vy not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vas it gets oup ven der nighdt it vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?

Und dhen in der vinter ven Katrine vas sick
  Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so qvick?
  Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righdts vellers I been
  Dhere vas noding dot's mean about me;
Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
  Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot sly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks,
  (A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!)
Ef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off bricks,
  Dot's all righdt! She's my moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas alvays der same,
  Dot voman vos boss off der house;
Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot she came,
  She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
  Und firevood to shplit oup und saw
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
  Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

From "Jests, Jingles, and Jottings." Permission of Geo. M. Allen Company.

DO you ever lie awake at night,
  And think—and think—and think
Of a hundred thousand foolish things
  Which "hang 'round" midnight's brink?

And do you at the same time hear
The hollow gurgling gurg
Of your stationary wash-stand,
Like a bungling burglar's burg—
While the latticed window-shutters flap
The sashes (full of pane)
And the myriad voices of the night
Talk nonsense at your brain?
You don't? I do.

And the ghostly, gruesome groaning
And the melancholy strain,
Of that measly, mourning, moaning,
Gurgling, guzzling water-main,
Wrap an eerie, iree, ickery, fillacy,
Fallacy sort of sound
In the meshes of the midnight,
Which entwine me round and round.
My flesh creeps and all in heaps
Finally sleeps;
While the melancholy moaning,
And the hungry, hollow groaning
Of the stand,
Keep my slumbrous soul a-soaring
Up and down a raging, roaring
Night-mare land.

JOE KERR.

NO HOPE FOR LITERATURE.

From "Back Country Poems."

AT the debatin' club last night we all discussed a cure
Fer the debilitated state of English lit'rachure.
"The stuff that's writ fer folks," I said, "don't move 'em and delight 'em,
Because the folks who write the things don't know enough to write 'em.

"The folks who write, they stuff their heads in some big 'cyclopedy,
W'ich aint no place fer mental food to feed the poor an' needy.
They're huntin' on an em'ty shelf, like poor old Mother Hubbard,
An' go right by the open door of Mother Natur's cupboarb

"They crawl into some lib'ery, far from the world's inspection,
Bury themselves in books beyond all hope of resurrection;
Then cry out from their tombs, in w'ich no sun nor star can glisten,
An' weep because the livin' worl' don't fin' no time to listen."

Then Elder Pettengell he asked, "Can you suggest a cure
For the debilitated state of English literachure?"

"Aint none; our authors' ignorance is far too dark
for lightin',
While we who know enough to write haint got no
time for writin'."

S. W. Foss.

NECKS—A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

NECKS is a very convenient things to have, but frogs and toads don't need them 'cept bull-frogs when they give concerts in the middle of the night, when they is very useful. Turtles is very savin' of theirn and swaller them to get them out of the way. Men have to have necks too, or they couldn't be swung up on galluses to amuse women and little boys at hangin' bees. A giraffe has a neck a-growin' out of the upper end of his body, but it is smaller at the top and grows long and slim so as to make things taste good all the way down—down—which is different from snakes, 'cause snakes have necks all the way down to the ends of their tails, and is smaller at the bottom and can swaller toads and things without chew—chewin' them, but it takes a good while to do it. Roosters and ministers and lions have to have necks to crow and roar with; only roosters don't have to have white neckties to crow in; they can crow good enough without them and they have to git up too early in the mornin' to see how they look without them. Lions never seen neckties for they roar in forests, 'cept when they live in cages. One day I was goin' apast a barber's shop and I

heard the barber say "nex." Hens have to have necks too, but they don't crow 'cause they are females, and females only cack-cackle. There is a animal called a crow which have necks, but they never learned to use them like roosters.

I like roosters better'n I like toads or snakes or giraffes or ministers or bullfrogs or hens or crows. A great many more things have necks which they use, but I can't think of 'em now.

LAURA M. BRONSON.

"ESTRANGEMENT."

Suggested by reading a prose poem in the "Century Magazine."

I ENTERED, upon a day, at the house of my friend (the grocer) to pay a bill. Then I saw in the face of my friend that there was some change due me, and that he did not look upon me with the same eyes as before.

"There is some change," I said.

"There is no change," he replied.

So I gave him messages then, and greetings of madness, and told him new things, and called him by a bad name, and I stayed with him and we spoke together; but, nevertheless, I saw that the fact about the change had come over him. So I said: "My friend, there is some change to hand over to me." And he said, "Nay; no change." So we conversed together again, and the hour came for departure. Then my friend bade me stay; and I saw, even in

his bidding, there was some change. So I said to him: "There is some change, which thou canst not deny. Wherefore dost thou not make change?" And my friend said to me, "Farewell!" So I departed, and left him. But my heart within me cried out against that estrangement; and my pocket was broken daily, so that I could not live.

Therefore, again upon a day I entered the house of him who was my friend, that I might upbraid him; and my friend moving toward me, I cried out against him as he came, "Where is thy change for me?" But my friend, heeding me not at all, said: "Wherefore hast thou delayed so long?"

And I looked upon his face, and he was exceeding bitter sorrowful. Then was I wroth within my mind, and knew not which way to turn. For I saw that I had not as yet paid the bill, and the change that was due me was in my own pocket.

C. N. Coggswell.

STILL TRUE.

THOUGH others at thine outline scoff,
And fail thy charms to see,
Only too glad to take thee off,
To jeer and jibe at thee,

Mine eyes thy curves admiring trace,
As constant in my love,
Thee with grave reverence I place
All else I owe above.

When wintry storms around us rush,
Thy tottering form I stay,
Or bear thee swiftly home to brush
Thy gathered tears away.

When Phœbus's rays beat fiercely down,
And timorous souls withdraw
From the protection of thy gown,
To trust in powers of straw,

I, with a calm and steadfast mind,
To thy dear side adhere,
And, in thy close embrace confined,
No sun god's arrow fear.

My heart to thee I lost outright—
Ah! lost beyond recall,
When first I saw thee fresh and bright,
And so divinely tall.

And though since then both thou and I
Have somewhat older grown,
Though touched by Anno Domini,
Thine earlier bloom has flown,

I will uphold thee to the end,
No whit the less for that!
Nay! greater care thine age shall tend
My dear old stove-pipe hat!

ST. JAMES GAZETTE.

HOW HE PARALYZED THE CHEF.

A TIGHT pair of pants, a shirt of which the bosom shone like a bald head, a Rhinestone collar-button which fastened an immaculate collar to the aforesaid shirt, a black alpaca round-a-bout, and an apron which just escaped the floor, and inside of all a human being, and you have a new waiter. With the exception of an embryonic mustache, his face was devoid of hair. He had several years' experience, as he said, as a waiter, and it was with a feeling of pride, to say nothing of the relief, that the head waiter saw him take his place in the centre of the room and await the rush that always occurs at high noon. One by one the tables were filled, and finally not a seat was to be had. The new waiter passed noiselessly from one table to another, taking a multitude of orders with the utmost complacency until he reached the end of his station. "At last I have got a man that can take care of my customers in the proper manner," chuckled the head waiter, as he gazed with pardonable admiration on the new man awaiting his turn at the dumb-waiter. His satisfaction was short-lived, however, for all at once the new waiter began giving his orders in a voice suggestive of the bellow of a bull, and that, too, in a vernacular manner that was strangely new to the Brotherhood restaurant.

"Give me a stack o' whites wid a copper on, a terrier widout any shamrocks, some hens' fruit dat

haint over-ripe, a slaughter-house and a paralyzed Mick, a cup of coffee on crutches, two insults to a square meal, one Sheeney destroyer, and a soaked bum, a brown-stone front, and a return good for evil."

A cry from the kitchen followed, and the carver ran up-stairs saying the chef had fainted. The new waiter was summarily bounced, and an old hand sent to get the order anew, which he did with his usual grace and politeness, and gave it in the following style:

"Give me a plate of wheat-cakes, well browned, corned beef without cabbage for one, a plate of fresh fried eggs, steak and a boiled potato, a cup of coffee, half milk, two dishes of hash, a plate of roast pork and pickled beets, pork and beans for one, and change this potato for a good one."

This is what the new waiter meant, but he had had too many days' experience on the East Side.

NAMING THE BABY.

WE searched the list from first to last
To find a name appropriate:
To crown our curly-headed boy.
We wanted something strong and great.
First Leonard struck us lionlike—
A goodly name; alas! and when
The owner reaches man's estate,
He'll thunder down old time as Len.

Philander troubled us awhile—
For man should love his fellow-man;
But 'tis so easy to behead
To common Phil, we never can.
Now Roderic is rich in fame.
We will; we won't. 'Twill never do
To place our boy beneath the ban
Of common Rod his life all through.

A charming name was Lancelot,
Or Valentine, Augustus, all—
But Lance and Val and Gus are not
The names we wanted folks to bawl.
Then Constantine and Bertram shone;
But Con and Bert we didn't like.
And Sol is easy cut from Saul;
It seemed a name we'd never strike.

My wife perused the novels strong,
While aunts and cousins entered in
The list with names that should belong;
Of course each claim could never win.
The baby grew and found his tongue,
And set our fancies to his will,
And yelled one night, with boyish din,
"Come off the roof and call me Bill!"

THE MAN BEHIND IT TO THE THEATRE BONNET.

IF you my valentine would be,
Come off!
For o'er your heights I cannot see—
Come off!
Oh! check yourself with Beauty's wrap,
Or rest yourself on Beauty's lap,
Or change yourself into a cap—
Come off!

When I a costly seat engage,
Come off!
I'd really like to see the stage—
Come off!
But as it is I vainly stare—
The view is hid, I can but swear—
Oh! tell me, Bonnet, is it fair?
Come off!

I want you for my valentine—
Come off!
To me you are a thing divine—
Come off!
Wouldst thou thy dazzling charms enhance
And to my heart of hearts advance?
Then give me, here behind, a chance—
Come off!

Oh! list to duty's pleading voice—
Come off!

So shall my hampered eyes rejoice
Come off!
Let not a love of incense sway you;
Shrink from the public gaze, I pray you.
Oh! Bonnet, Bonnet, dear, what say you?
Come off!

THE TALE OF A DOG

CHAPTER I.

MR. SCADDS.—How often is that upstart of a Hunker coming here now to see our Mildred?

Mrs. Scadds.—I'm sure he's a very nice young—

Mr. Scadds.—Nice nothing! Besides, he's as poor as Job's turkey, and Mildred is too young to have steady company. How often does he come? I say six times a week and twice on Sunday.

Mrs. Scadds.—George, dear, remember that Mildred is older now than I was when we married; and Mr. Hunker could not possibly have less money than we had, love.

Mr. Scadds.—That has nothing to do with it—not a thing. I'll put a stop to this sort of thing, so I will. I'll get a bull-dog, and turn him loose in the front yard every night. Not a soul shall approach the house after dark. I'll see what effect that'll have on him.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Scadds.—Before you go, Mr. Hunker, I think I ought to tell you of something papa intends to do.

Mr. Hunker.—What is it, Miss Scadds?

Miss Scadds.—He's going to buy a big bull-dog!

Mr. Hunker.—I didn't know your papa was a dog fancier.

Miss Scadds.—He isn't; he detests dogs.

Mr. Hunker.—Then why does he intend to make such a purchase?

Miss Scadds.—He's going to get a fierce bull-dog—so mamma tells me—and turn the ferocious animal loose in the front yard every night.

Mr. Hunker.—Afraid of burglars, is he?

Miss Scadds.—N-n-no. The fact is, it's to keep you away. There. I thought I'd better tell you, Harry—er—Mr. Hunker, I mean.

Mr. Hunker.—My little girl—er, I mean Miss Scadds—you were afraid I would be torn to pieces by its cruel fangs, were you? I'm very glad you told me about it; I'll be on my guard. (*Looking at his watch.*) How late is it? Time flies so rapidly in your company. Good-night, Mil—er—Miss Scadds.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Scadds (*to dog dealer*).—I want the biggest, most ferocious bull-dog you have in the house, sir.

Cridge (*dog dealer*).—Something game, eh?

Mr. Scadds.—Yes; the gamiest kind of game!

Cridge.—Want to indulge in some sport, sir?

Mr. Scadds.—Sport?

Cridge.—Yes, sir; a dog that'll fight any dog in the country, sir. Chew him right up, sir?

Mr. Scadds.—Oh! no! I want a dog to turn loose in front of the house every night. A dog that won't let any person except a member of the family approach.

Cridge.—Oh! yes, sir. You want a watch-dog, eh?

Mr. Scadds.—That's it; and I want a dog that knows his business, too, and won't be bamboozled by tramps and—and by any one else.

Cridge.—Well, sir; I've a dog that will do just what you want. He was brought in only this morning by a gentleman who would not sell him except for the reason that he doesn't need him any more. He's watchful, and you can trust him, sir.

Mr. Scadds.—Let me see him.

Cridge.—Here he is, sir.

Mr. Scadds.—What a savage-looking beast! Why, I'm afraid of him, myself!

Cridge.—He's very intelligent, sir; and he'll learn to know you and the rest of the family in a day. Then, sir, you'll have a dog to be proud of, and one you can trust.

Mr. Scadds.—What is his price?

Cridge.—Two hundred dollars, sir.

Mr. Scadds.—Well, bring him over to the house about six o'clock, and introduce him to his new friends.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Scadds (*a month later*).—Well, my dear, I suppose that bull-dog of ours keeps young Hunker away pretty effectually, doesn't he?

Mrs. Scadds.—I'm afraid not, George, dear.

Mr. Scadds.—What's that?

Mrs. Scadds.—The fact is, the dog and Mr. Hunker are great friends, which I think shows that Mr. Hunker is a man we ought to encourage, for you know that dogs are good judges of human—

Mr. Scadds.—Good judges of fiddlesticks!

(*Takes up his hat and leaves the house in a hurry.*)

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Scadds.—Look here, Cridge, who was the gentleman who sold that bull-dog to you that I bought a month ago and paid you two hundred dollars for?

Cridge.—Young Mr. Hunker, sir. Why?

Mr. Scadds (*in a towering rage*).—!*!***—!!!!!

WHEN THE SUNFLOWERS BLOOM.

I'VE been off on a journey, I jes' got home to-day;
I've traveled east an' north an' south an' every other way;
I've seen a heap of country, an' cities on the boom
But I want to be in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

Oh! it's nice among the mount'ins, but I sorter felt shet in;
'Twould be nice on the seashore ef it wasn't fur the din;

While the prairie's air so quiet, an' there's always
lots o' room;
Oh! it's nicer still in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

You may talk about yer lilies, yer vi'let, an' yer roses,
Yer asters an' yer jassimens, an' all the other pos'es;
I'll allow they all air beauties an' full er sweet per-
fume,
But there's none of 'em a patchin' to the
Sun-
Flower's
Bloom.

When all the sky above is jest as blue as blue kin be
An' the prairies air a-wavin' like a yaller driftin' sea,
Oh! 'tis here my soul goes sailin' an' my heart is on
the boom,
In the golden fields of Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

WHAT HE CALLED IT.

SHE was a Boston lady, and she'd scarcely passed
eighteen,
And as lovely as a houri, but of grave and sober
mien;

A sweet encyclopædia of every kind of lore,
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that she wore.
She sat beside her lover, with her elbow on his knee,
And dreamily she gazed upon the slumb'ring summer sea;
Until he broke the silence saying, "Pray, Minerva, dear,
Inform me of the meaning of the Thingness of the Here.
I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of wisdom be,
Your head crammed full to bursting, love, with their philosophy—
Those hoary-headed sages and maids of hosiery blue.
Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to you."
She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The Thingness of the Here
Is that which is not passed and hasn't yet arrived, my dear.
Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm, unruffled brow,
"The Thingness of the Here is just the Thisness of the Now."
A smile illumed the lover's face, then without any haste
He slid a manly arm around the maiden's slender waist,

And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and loving
kiss,
And said: "Love, this is what I call the Nowness of
the This."

SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

BILLY'S SANTA CLAUS EXPERIENCE.

OF course I don't believe in any such person as Santa Claus, but Tommy does. Tommy is my little brother, aged six. Last Christmas I thought I'd make some fun for the young one by playing Santa Claus, but as always happens when I try to amuse anybody I jes' got myself into trouble.

I went to bed pretty early on Christmas Eve so as to give my parents a chance to get the presents out of the closet in mamma's room, where they had been locked up since they were bought. I kep' my close on except my shoes, and put my nightgown over them so as I'd look white if any of them came near me. Then I waited, pinchin' myself to keep awake. After awhile papa came into the room with a lot of things that he dumped on Tommy's bed. Then mamma came in and put some things on mine and in our two stockings that were hung up by the chimney. Then they both went out very quiet, and soon all the lights went out too.

I kep' on pinchin' myself and waitin' for a time, and then when I was sure that everybody was asleep I got up. The first thing I went into was my sister's

room and got her white fur rug that mamma gave her on her birthday, and her sealskin cape that was hanging on the closet door. I tied the cape on my head with shoestrings and it made a good big cap. Then I put the fur rug around me and pinned it with big safety-pins what I found on Tommy's garters. Then I got mamma's new scrap-basket, trimmed with roses, what Mrs. Simmons 'broidered for the church fair and piled all of the kid's toys into it. I fastened it to my back with papa's suspenders, and then I started for the roof.

I hurt my fingers some opening the scuttle, but kept right on. It was snowing hard and I stood and let myself get pretty well covered with flakes. Then I crawled over to the chimney that went down into our room and climbed up on top of it. I had brought my bicycle lantern with me and I lighted it so as Tommy could see me when I came down the chimney into the room.

There did not seem to be any places inside the chimney where I could hold on by my feet, but the ceiling in our room was not very high and I had often jumped most as far, so I jes' let her go, and I suppose I went down. Anyway, I did not know about anything for a long time. Then I woke up all in the dark with my head feeling queer, and when I tried to turn over in bed I found I wasn't in bed at all, and then my arms and legs began to hurt terrible, mostly one arm that was doubled up. I tried to get up but I couldn't because my bones hurt so and I was terrible cold and there was nothing to

stand on. I was jes' stuck. Then I began to cry, and pretty soon I heard mamma's voice saying to papa:

"Those must be sparrers that are making that noise in the chimney. Jes' touch a match to the wood in the boys' fireplace."

I heard papa strike a light and then the wood began to crackle. Then, by jinks! it began to get hot and smoky and I screamed:

"Help! Murder! Put out that fire lest you want to burn me up!"

Then I heard papa stamping on the wood and mamma calling out:

"Where's Billy? Where is my chile?"

Next Tommy woke up and began to cry and everything was terrible, specially the pains all over me. Then papa called out very stern:

"William, if you are in that chimney come down at once!" and I answered, cryin', that I would if I could, but I was stuck and couldn't.

Then I heard papa gettin' dressed, and pretty soon he and John from the stable went up on the roof and let down ropes what I put around me and they hauled me up.

It was jes' daylight and I was all black and sooty and scratched and my arm was broken.

Everybody scolded me excep' mamma. I had spoiled my sister's white rug and broken all of Tommy's toys, and the snow what went in through the scuttle melted and marked the parlor ceiling, besides I guess it cost papa a good deal to get my

arm mended. Nobody would believe that I had jes' meant to make some fun for Tommy, and my arm and all my bruised places hurt me awful for a long time. If I live to be a million I am never goin' to play Santa Claus ag'in.

CORNELIA REDMOND.

THE (BROOKLYN) BRIDGE.

After Longfellow (a long time).

I SHTOOD on der pridge py Brooklyn,
Katrina vas py my side,
I shpend two cends vor to pring her
Far over der shweebin' tide.

Ve didn't go py der rope-cars,
She sait she vould rather valk,
Unt dake der monies vor grullers,
To ead vile ve valk und talk.

Dey dold us der cars vas beddher,
It vos sooch a bleasant drip;
I sait I never gould drusd dem,
Because dey mighd loose dheir grip

Und so ve ead dem grullers,
Vile der ropes goes vhizzing py,
Unt den I ask uf Katrina,
"Say! how vas dis vor high?"

Unt den ve keeb on valkin'
Till ve gets ub past der tow
Ven all ad vonce my shtomach
Id gots peyond mine power.

Unt far pelow dem grullers
Vent floatin' mit der tide,
Do feed der leetle fishes
On der ocean vild und vide.

Oh! den I feels mooch beddher,
Katrina she vas all righd;
She sait id vas awful jolly,
Unt sooch a shplendid sighd.

Ve shtood ub py der cables,
Unt I poind oudt von py von
Der shibs oup py der navy yard,
Vay down py der sunsed gun.

Unt den I poinds by Jersey,
Unt den der oddher vay,
Vhere looms der tower ad Coney,
"Coney Island down der pay."

I dold Katrina of droubles
Der man hadt mit der grip,
Der Paines he dook do fix id,
So dot id vouldn't shlip.

Ve shtood unt vatched der peebles,
Der Brooklyn dude vent by,

He had hees goller mit him,
Von foot four inches high.

His banderloons dey fidded
So tight like sausage meat,
Katrina laffed unt dold me
He had Chicago feet.

Bud all ad vonce pid-padder,
Dhere coomes some raindrobs down.
Id shtruck both me unt Katrina
Dot ve vos oudt of town.

Unt var avay vrom shelder,
Ub close py a dunder shower,
Der bleeceman sait to hurry,
Unt got in under der tower.

Der dude he tried to bead us,
He shtarded two laps ahead,
But Chicago feet vos heavy,
Hees vace it got much red.

Dot rain id got vet und vetter,
Id dook der shtarch all oudt,
Ve looked like a tub of linen
Lefd oudt beneath der shpoud.

Dot dude got thinner und thinner,
Hees gollar shlipped oudt of sighd,
Hees braceleds shlipped py hees knuckles,
Hees pands dey vos tighter dan tight.

You haf seen vay oudt in der coundry,
Der shickens all oudt in der rain,
Mit dails unt heads a hangin' down,
Under dhere vhere dey keebs der grain.

Shust so ve looked py der pridge dhere,
Enjoyin' der rain dot day,
Enjoyin' der view midoudt limid
O'er rifer unt landshcape unt pay.

Unt vorefer, unt vorefer,
So long as dose rifers got froze,
So long as dose ferries got vorser,
So long as dose fogs arose,

Der pridge unt its towers unt cables,
Unt der grib—dey vil alvays shtay,
Vile der peebles got shmothered together,
Ven dhey all drafel vone vay.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

AN ABORIGINAL CHANT.

WHAT time the glittering rays of morn
O'er hill and valley steal,
Chief Joseph's squaw, with dog and corn,
Prepares the Indian meal.

And if, with wild, rebellious shout,
The papoose shall appear,
The chieftain leads the bad child out,
Clutched by the Injine-ear.

The breakfast o'er, the daughter strolls
Down glen and shady dell,
While gay young braves from wooded knolls
"Look out for the Injine belle."

Each stricken brave she turns and leaves,
Her coyness to bewail;
Her dragging blanket stirs the leaves,
The well-known Indian trail.

A Black Hills miner, scalped and dead,
Upon the ground is found;
Grim speaks the chief: "There's been, I'm 'fraid
An Indian summer's around."

What time he rideth forth to shoot,
His favorite horse, the dapple is,
And when he wants a little fruit,
Goes where the Indianapolis.

When finished are his warlike tasks,
With brazen incongruity
For overcoats and food he asks
With charming Indianuity.

At night, before his bed he'll seek,
With countenance forlorn,
He takes his scalping-knife, and eke,
He trims the Indian corn.

EDUCATING TO A PURPOSE.

"LOOK here," said the teacher of the Possum Ridge school to a twelve-year-old boy who came the first day armed with a volume of government agricultural reports, "what are you going to do with that book?"

"'Lowed I'd steady hit," the lad replied.

"But it is not a school-book, and you cannot study it here."

"It's got readin' in it, 'aint hit?"

"Yes, it has reading in it."

"Haint other books got readin' in 'em?"

"Yes, generally."

"Then why kaint I steady this 'un?"

"Because it is not a school-book."

"School-books has got readin' in 'em, haint they?"

"Yes."

"This 'un's got readin' in it, haint hit?"

"Yes."

"Then why kaint I steady hit?"

"Because it is not the right kind of book."

"Pap 'lowed it wuz."

"Why did he 'low that?"

"'Cause it tells 'bout farmin', an' I'm goin' to be a farmer. Pap said wa'n't no use goin' to school 'less a feller larnt somethin' what 'ud be o' use to him,

an' he 'lowed if I wuz goin' to be a farmer, I got to larn 'bout hit."

"Can you read?"

"Guess I can't none to hurt

"Can you spell?"

"Reckon not."

"Do you know the letters?"

"Yes, I know them."

"Do you know them all?"

"Yes, I know 'em when I see 'em, an' I know thar names, but I don't know one from t'other."

"Then what do you expect to do with that book?"

"'Lowed to steady hit."

"But you can't unless you learn the letters."

"Kaint I larn 'em in hit?"

"No."

"Haint they in hit?"

"Yes, but they are not arranged so you can learn them conveniently."

"Pap 'lowed they wuz sorter flung in together an' mixed up, but he said he reckoned you could holp me pick 'em out, 'cause you wouldn't have nothin' o' no 'count to do."

"Your father is slightly mistaken. Is this little fellow your brother?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a book has he?"

"A hoss-doctor book."

"Is he expecting to study it?"

"He 'lowed he'd steady hit a few jerks."

"Does he know his letters?"

"Not enough to hurt."

"He'll have to get another book."

"Pap 'lowed he ort to steady this 'un, 'cause he's goin' to be a doctor."

"A horse-doctor, eh?"

"No; a shore 'nough doctor to tend on sick folks. Pap 'lowed that 'ud pay, 'cause doctors gits all-fired big prices. You don't ketch them workin' like dogs for six bits a day."

"No; but if your brother is going to be a doctor, why does your father want him to study a horse-doctor's book?"

"'Cause he 'lowed what wuz good for hosses wuz good for folks. I reckon it is, too, 'cause once when mam wuz sick, pap dosed her with hoss-medicine, an' she got well. She come mouty nigh not makin' the riffle, though."

"Indeed!"

"Yes-sir-ee. Pap said he never see nobody come so nigh flummixin' as she did, an' that if he hadn't a' dosed her with hoss-medicine, she'd a' kicked out o' the traces, shore."

"That's too bad, too bad."

"Bet your hide. It 'ud 'a' been a powerful slam on pap if mam had kicked the bucket, 'cause the corn-gatherin' an' winter-wood-gittin' hadn't been tended to yit. But say, I've got another brother what'll come to school to-morry."

"Yes?"

"He's goin' to fetch a Bible along, 'cause he's laid off to be a preacher."

"How old is he?"

"'Most five, I reckon."

"He doesn't know the letters, either, I presume?"

"No."

"Does he want to be a preacher?"

"Reckon he aint keerin' much, but pap 'lows he ort to be. He said he reckoned thar wuz a right smart o' money in it, countin' in the marryin' o' folks, an' all sich."

"Well, well. You are all starting in early to study for your professions."

"What's them?"

"Professions? Oh! your callings in life."

"Yes, we 'lowed we mout as well. Pap says if a feller is goin' to be a thing, he mout jist as well larn to be hit. Haint no use monkeyin' with doctor or lawyer book if a feller's goin' to be a farmer, is thar?"

"I presume not."

"That's whut pap says, an' he's powerful long-headed."

THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER.

Permission of the Author.

DER boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"
Und in shchveetest langvitch its virtues may tell;
Und how, ven a poy, he mid eggsdasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.

I don'd take some schtock in dot manner off trinking;
It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
Dhere vas more sadisfactions, in my vay of dinking,
Mit dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

"How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive it"—
Dot vould soundt pooty goot—eef it only vas true—
Der vater schbills ofer, you petter pelieve it!
Und runs down your schleeve und schlops indo your shoe.
Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
Und makes your eyes vater so gvick as a vink,
I dells you dot bookit it don'd hold a candle
To dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter veddher,
Vhen it settles righdt down to a cold, freezing rain,
To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher,
Und findt dot der bookit vas proke off der chain.
Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,
Vhile indo your back cooms an oldt-fashioned kink;
I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
For dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

How handy it vas schust to turn on der faucet,
Vhere der vater flows down vrom der schpring on der hill!

I schust vas der schap dot vill alvays indorse it,
Oxsbecially nighdts vhen der veddher vas chill.
Vhen Pfeiffer's oldt vell mit der schnow vas all cofered,
Und he vades droo der schnow-drift to get him a trink,
I schlips vrom der hearth vhere der schiltren vas hofered,
To dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses;
Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem dheir fill!
Gife me dot pure vater dot all der time courses
Droo dhose pipes dot run down vrom der schpring on der hill.
Und eef der goot dings of dis vorld I gets rich in,
Und friendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink,
I schtill vill rememper dot oldt coundtry kitchen,
Und dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

THE POET'S MORN.

THE sun in martial splendor rose,
And put the shades of night to rout;
I lightly leaped from my repose,
To let the chickens out.

The glorious day moves on apace,
The latest lingering stars expire;
I turn from gazing into space,
And light the kitchen fire.

Ah, how Aurora's coursers speed!
Roll on, triumphant chariot, roll!
I'll follow on my winged steed,
When I've put on the coal.

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

CUSHIONS.

CUSHIONS gay on every chair,
But never a place to sit;
Cushions, cushions everywhere,
Till I nearly take a fit;
Cushions strewn upon the floor
On every side I see—
My wife has taken a cushion craze,
And there is no room for me.

DE GONENESS OB DE PAST.

"WHAT I was gwine to remark," said Bro. Gardener, as the rattling of hoofs died away on the calm evening air, "was to de effeck dat Professor January Sunbeam, of Mississippi, am waitin' in de ante-room to address de meetin' on de subjeck of

'De Goneness ob de Past.' De Professor am not only known all ober de kentry fur his theories on astronomy, but am de only man in de kentry who kin skin a woodchuck in seben minits by de watch. Sir Isaac Walpole, you and Giveacam Jones will put on yer yaller kid gloves an' long-tail coats an' escort de Professor into de hall."

In about five minutes the stranger made his appearance and was greeted with a burst of applause which upset the water-pail and filled the shoes of eight or ten of the nearest members. On taking the platform he was introduced by the President, handed a piece of slippery elm to keep his throat moist during his oratory, and he then bowed and began:

"My dear fren's, whar am de past? Look fur it under de bed, down cellar, up sta'rs, in de wood-box, or whar you will, an' you cannot find it. Why? Kase it am gone. It has slipped away like a streak o' grease runnin' across de kitchen floo', an' it will nebber, nebber return. (Sighs from all over the hall.) Do you meet Plato as you go up de street? Do you fin' Cicero waitin' at de ferry-dock? Do you hear of Giogenes hangin' 'round de Union Depot to work de string game on some greenhorn? Not any! Dey belongs to de past an' gone. Dey sleep in de dimness of odder centuries. Whar am de glory ob de Roman empire? Whar am Cæsar and Brutus and Cassius? Let de dust ob de past answer. (Much blowing of noses.)

"My fren's, de past am not de fucher, any more dan day after to-morrow am day befo' yesterday. As

time fades so does glory fade. To-day you may march at the head of de purceshum, yer hat on yer ear an' a red sash tied around yer body—to-morrer ye may be in jail for borrowin' somebody's wood-pile to keep yer feet warm. (Sly and suspicious winks all over the room.) Do not prize de present too highly—do not forget de warning of de past. We cannot recall de past, but we can look back an' see whar de grocer gin us short weight on codfish, an' whar we took advantage of a cloudy day to pass a twenty-cent piece off fur a quarter. (Cheers and applause.)

"My hearers, we should not lib fur de past, but fur de fucher. What am it to us as we riz up in de mawnin' wheder Cæsar met his mother-in-law at the depot or forbid her his house? What am it to us as we retire to our humble couches fur de night whether de orators of Athens greased their butes wid lard or went bar'foot? As we sit on a box in de alley to consume our noonday lunch we car' not whether Brutus dyed his goatee or was clean shaved. (Cries of 'No! No!') But de fucher am big wid events. To-day we may be full of sorrow. If so we hope dat de morrow will bring clam chowder. (Great smacking of lips.) If de present am full of biles and chilblains an' heart aches, de fucher may be as bright as a cat's eye shinin' out of a bar'l on a dark night. Nebber look back on de past. It am as much gone as a three-cent piece paid out fur Fourth of July lemonade. Nebber despair of de fucher. When de heart is heaviest, fire lowest, an' work skeercest you may find a los' wallet, or strike some butcher willin'

to give credit. (Whoops of applause.) My fren's, I am dun. Thanking you severely for your infectious distraction, I 'rambulate to my seat wid odiferous feelings of concentration toward each and ebery one of you."

THE MAN IN THE MOON AND I.

THERE was plenty of gold in his coffer last week,
And plenty of silver in mine;
High living had colored and rounded his cheek,
And my own wasn't in this line.
Oh! he winked and looked knowing if nothing worse,
For he has his own joke in the sky;
And we hadn't a care in the whole universe,
The Man in the Moon and I.

To-night he's as ragged and careworn and lank
As I have been looking all day,
And whether he's sunk all his gold in some bank
Or put it on pool I can't say;
And if he has had something stronger than water,
What odds when the world's all awry?
For the month isn't up, and we're on our last quarter,
The Man in the Moon and I.

JACQES ESPRIT.

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

IN ONE ACT.

SCENE.—A cottage in Ireland. Enter Emigrant, who surveys the room with emotion, and knocks for inmate. Door opens. Inmate enters.

Emigrant—Is my father alive?

Inmate—He is not.

Emigrant—Is my mother living?

Inmate—She is not.

Emigrant—Is there any whisky in this house?

Inmate—There is not.

Emigrant (sighs heavily)—This is indeed a woeful day. [Dies.

Slow music. Curtain.

WHY JIM FORSOOK THE MINISTRY.

OF jes' no 'count an' mebbe wuss,
A long, slab-sided, shuckless cuss,
Was Jim McPhee, of Tennessee.
All winter long he'd squat aroun'
The grocery down at Possum Town
An' toast his shins an' chaw an' chaw,
An' spit upon the stove an' jaw
'Bout this an' that an' t'other thing
Till 'long nigh plantin' time in spring,
When suddint like he'd limber up

Ez peart an' frisky ez a pup,
An' low ez how he'd got a call
Ter preach, and then light out till fall.

Year in, year out, 'twas jes' the same.
Ag'in' the plantin' season came
He'd leave his kids without their pap,
An' leave his wife to make the crap.
An' make a sneak, an' many a week
Would pass afore his folks would see
A hide or hair of Jim McPhee.
An' all the while he'd be away
His wife was slavin' night an' day,
A-plantin' corn, a-rakin' hay,
A-diggin' taters, totein' wood
An' doin' work no woman should,
Ter keep a raft of children fed
An' clothed an' shelter overhead.

But when the harvestin' was through
Jim—he'd turn up as good as new,
An' hang aroun' the store again,
An' tell the souls he'd saved from sin,
An' how the houses all was crammed,
An' how the mourners' bench was jammed,
An' how they'd shout, an' this an' that,
At towns whar he'd been preachin' at.

Now Huldy Jane war big an' strong
An' patient as the days were long—
One of yer easy goin' kind
That never growled nor jawed nor whined.

Thar never was no one ez thunk
That Huldy had a bit of spunk.
But things went on from bad ter wuss
And got so durned monotinuss
I swar 'twould drive an angel wild,
An' even Huldy Jane got riled.

Says Jim McPhee, one bright spring day,
Ter Huldy, "I must go away
An' leave you all a little spell
An' save poor errin' souls from hell;
I've got a call, my duty's plain,
An' so good-bye." But Huldy Jane
In ca'm, firm, ernest tones, says she,
"I kinder reckon, Jim McPhee,
That you've mistook 'bout this yer call,
An' you won't git ter go at all."
An' when he stomped aroun' an' shook
His fist, then Huldy gently took
A reef in James' sorrel hair,
And slammed him down acrost a chair,
An' banged his head ag'in' the floor,
Then rested up an' banged some more;
An' when the lout began ter squall,
She axed him, "How about yer call?"

Right thar the Reverend James McPhee,
He done forsook the ministry.
"O Huldy Jane," he meekly whined,
"I've got no call of nary kind."
"Now thar you lied," says Huldy Jane,

"Ye've got a call—yer duty's plain"—
And here she guv his hair a jerk—
"Ye've got a call ter go ter work."
An' Jim he melted jes' like wax
An' says, "I reckon them's the facks."
An' then she holps him ter his feet,
An' says in accents soft an' sweet,
A-givin' him a cheerful smile,
"It's peared ter me a right smart while
Ez how 'twas time the gardin's made,"
An' showed him whar ter find the spade
Now you may travel far an' near,
An' s'arch the hull blamed hemisphere
From north ter south if you're inclined,
An' nary busier man you'll find
Than Jim McPhee of Tennessee.

CLARENCE H. PIERSON.

LATEST FORM OF LITERARY HYSTERICS.

THE little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Afar down the valley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly along and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimney-pots, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke, and the little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped a banana from the cart

of a passing Italian and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain-water barrel in the back yard.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their long, long journey toward the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention, and life was a hollow mockery to the homeless cat.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. And it softly said:

"I scratch because it itches!"

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

COUNTING EGGS.

OLD Moses, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived; but he has the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchase.

"Have you any eggs this morning, Uncle Moses?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed I has. Jess got in ten dosen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh? Yas, indeed! I guantees 'em, an'—an'—de hen guantees 'em."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."

"All right, mum;" he counts, "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You can rely on dem bein' fresh. How's your son comin' on de school? He must be mos' grown."

"Yes, Uncle Moses; he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so! Eighteen, and getting a salary already! Eighteen (*counting*), nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-foah, twenty-five. And how's your gal comin' on? She was most growed up de last time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dallas."

"Wall, I declar'; how time scoots away! And you say she has childruns? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jest about—"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (*Counting.*) "Firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty-seven, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am singular dat you has sich ole childruns. You don't look more den forty years old yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old—"

"Fifty-free! I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six—I want you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah. Whew! Dis am a warm day. Dis am de time ob year when I feels I'se gettin' ole myself; I aint long fur dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fadder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine. And your mudder? she was one ob de noblest-lookin' ladies I ebber see. You remind me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Moses; she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she wan't no chicken when she died, I know dat. Ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar, one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs—jess nine dozen, and here am one moah egg in case I have discounted myself."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Burton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied that she steals the milk and eggs. I

am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there, and heard Moses count them myself, and there were nine dozen."

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

THE FOUR FLIES.

A BOARDING-HOUSE EPISODE.

ON a window-sill one morning still,
In golden summer weather,
Four weary flies with blinking eyes
Buzzed hungrily together.
Before them lay a table, spread
With desolate-looking fare;
They knew they were in a boarding-house
By the chipped stone-chinaware.

Said the oldest fly, with a tear-dimmed eye:
"All this I have been through,
And if you eat of this doubtful treat,
That hour you will surely rue.
I lost my ma, and I lost my pa,
And I lost my children three;
They were snared by such delusive joys
As the ones to-day we see."

But though kindly warned her advice was scorned,
And straight the trio flew
To the table head, whereon was spread
The frugal dishes few.

And left the patriarch fly alone
A-weeping on the sill;
And set to work without ado
To eat and drink their fill.

The first young fly resolved to try
The milk cerulean blue,
For his head was sore from the night before
When he stayed a party through.
But, alas! the chalk that filled his cup
Brought cramps that laid him low;
"Ha, ha!" buzzed the fly from his window-pane;
"Now didn't I tell you so?"

The second fly had set his eye
On the ponderous sugar bowl,
And made a jump for the biggest lump
His hunger to console.
But the marble dust soon stretched him out
A corpse on the cloth below.
While the old fly sang as a requiem:
"Now didn't I tell you so?"

And now the third adventurous bird
Attacked a dish of peas,
Which a year or more before the war
Had been brought across the seas.
When the verdigris got in its work
His joy was turned to woe,
While the old fly hummed to a dismal tune,
"Now didn't I tell you so?"

The aged fly of the tear-dimmed eye,
Who sat on the window-sill,
Was filled with woe as she saw them go
To meet a fate so ill.
"Why should I care to live," she said,
"When death lurks everywhere?
In every toothsome dish, I ween,
Is hidden some despair."

So forth she stole to the poisonous bowl
Which the name "Fly Poison" bore,
And with maniac laugh began to quaff
The deadly drink galore.
It did not kill—it made her stout;
She aldermanic grew,
Because, you see, the poison was
Adulterated, too!

E. D. PIERSON.

BOB JOHNSTON'S VISIT TO THE CIRCUS.

WEEL, ye maun understan', said Bob, that naething in the worl' wid ser' the guidwife but a veesit to the circus. She had set her heart on that. The bairns, too, had been deavin' me aboot clowns an' tum'lers an' horses, sae, for peacesake, an' to sort o' oil the family machenery, I set a nicht, an' agreed to take the hale rick-ma-tick in to see the show.

I canna say I'm ony great admirer o' circuses—I never was in ane afore—but this I maun admit, that

the performance, so far as I saw't, was really baith divertin' an' wonnerfu'. There was a'e man in particular that stuid up on the very top o' a horse fleein' roun' the ring like a comet, an' the claes that man took aff him was a caution. Losh, he seemed to be able to peel himsel' like an ingan, till the rascal at last slipped off his vera trousers an' stuid in his nicht shirt afore a' the folk. Even this was at last whupt aff, an' there he was a' shinin' in spangles, like a harlequin!

Aifter that a drunk chiel' staggered into the ring, an' the daft gowk insisted on ha'ein' a ride on ane o' the horses, in spite o' a' the man wi' the big whup in the middle o' the ring could sae or dae. I saw for mysel' that the creature was nae mair fit to ride on a horse than he wis to flee in the air, but willy-nilly he wid get up on the horse's back till the clown an' the man wi' the big whup in his han' were perfectly tired wi' his thrawness, an' they gied him a leg up to please him an' keep him quate.

It wis jist as I expected. The minute he wis heised up owre he went, richt ower the animal's back, an' doon he cam' wi' a clash on the ither side. Lo'd, I thocht he wid ha'e broken his neck wi' the fa', but no, up he got mair thrawn than ever, an' naething wid pit him aff the notion o' gettin' up on that horse's back an' ridin', richt reason or nane.

The ringmaister was fairly daft to ken what to dae wi' him, an' as I saw a bobby stannin' up on the tap seat o' the gallery, I got up on the selvage o' the ring, an' wavin' my han' to the policeman, I cried:

"Hey! policeman, come doon to the daft eediot. It's as muckle's his life's worth to lippen a man sae far gane in drink on the back o' a horse like that. He'll be kilt, an' that'll be seen."

These sentiments o' mine seemed to find an echo in every breast, for the cheerin' an' lauchin' that set in was something tremendous.

But it was nae use speakin'; the policeman widna stir a'e fit, but stuid up an' lauched wi' the lave, an' the man wid be up on the horse's back, dae all they could too keep him doon. They gied him a heise up again, an' awa' he went plaistered up wi' his legs striddled owre the horse's head. Of coorse he tumbled aff aince mair, an' the next time the daft fule stuck himsel' wi' his face to the-tail, as if he didna ken a'e end o' the animal frae the ither. Then the horse set aff, an' my vera hair was stannin' on en' at the rascal, wha was hingin' on by the horse's tail. But naething wid ser' the madman but he'd stan' up on the horse's back like he'd seen the ithers dae, an' to my great astonishment, he actually managed this, an' gaed through some of the comicallest caipers ever you saw. It's weel seen there's a special providence for bairns an' drunk folk.

Aifter this, a maist amusin' wee brat o' a clown made his appearance in the ring, dressed in a suit o' calico o' the maist ridiculous description.

Hooever, I maun say this, that I enjoyed the caipers o' the wee mannie jist as weel's ony o' the bairns, wha were nearly gaun into fits wi' lauchin' at him. But jist at this time ane o' the horses sent a

lump o' sawdust an' dirt aff its hoofs into oor Willie's e'e, sae I took him on my knee to try an' get the stuff oot, an' no haud him cryin'. While I was busy workin' awa' wi' my hankie, a' at aince I hears the awfullest roar o' lauchter, an' lookin' up what did I see but the wee clown mannie busy kissin' my wife. Dod, flesh an' bluid couldna stan' impidence like that. I like fun just as weel's onybody, but that was raither much o' a good thing for me.

"Get oot o' there, ye pentit wee monkey that ye are!" I cried, makin' glaum at the nochty bit creature. "Wid ye daur to spiel owre the seats an' kiss my wife before my very lookin' face?" But, lod! he was like a needle, for before I could lay my fingers on him he tumbled like a wullcat back into the ring, an' awa' he went birlin' roun' like a cart wheel, while the folk on every side were screechin' oot at what they dootless took to be gran' fun. Maybe it wis, only I couldna see it in that licht.

Ance rouse the slumberin' lion in Bob Johnston, an' I can tell ye he's a very deevil to deal wi'. Maggie threw her airms roun' me to keep me doon, but I was neither to haud nor to bind.

"Let go, ye shameless woman!" I cried. "Wid ye hae me condone an offense against common decency like that?" Wi' these words I sprang into the ring, an' aifther the impertinent vagabond as hard as my legs could carry me, amid the cheerin' o' the hale circus.

Roun' aboot an' roun' aboot the ring we gaud, the wee clown lookin' the very pictur' o' fear, an' I com-

in' thunderin' aifter him like that Greek chiel' Nemesis, I think he's ca'd. The excitement was tremendous. I felt my puff fast leavin' me, but I was jist within airm's length o' the creatur', an' sometimes nearly had him in my grip, but aye as I passed the side o' the ring next the wife, she oot wi' her hands an' tried to grup me by the coat tails an' haud me back.

I was jist in the very act o' layin' my han' o' airn on the scruff o' the creatur's neck, when he dookit his heid like a deuk in a pond, an' awa' I went fleein' owre his heid, sprauchled oot as flet's a flounder, wi' my nose buried aboot a fit an' a hauf amang dirty sawdust, that smelt horribly o' the stable.

The folk a' seemed to think that this was a pairt o' the regular performance by the way they cheered, an' when the cause o' a' the uproar cam' owre an' lifted me up, lettin' at the same time a neifu' o' sawdust trickle through his fingers as if it had come pourin' oot o' my nose, the lauchter was something tremendous.

I was that way used up for want o' win' at the time that I couldna resent his caipers, an' when the wee creature popped doon on his knees in the middle o' the ring an' begged my pardon for kissin' my wife, lod, I hadna the heart to feel angry, sae I shuik him by the han', an' said, "A' richt, my chappie, I'll forgi'e ye this time, but juist dinna dae't again, or there'll be the deil to pay."

But, lod, it's ill to ken wha's yer frien' in this worl', for, pretendin' the greatest regaird for my feel-

in s, he began to brush the sawdust aff my coat wi' his han', an' then to tak' my airm an' mairch me roun' aboot the ring, an' every time I turned my back the folk seemed to split their very sides wi' lauchin'.

I could see naething to lauch at, but next moment I sees the wife, wi' the family umbrella in her han', jump into the ring, an' afore the clown kent whaur he was stannin', losh, she hit him a crack on the heid that sent him spinnin' owre the ring like a peerie.

"Ye nesty, impident mountebank that ye are!" she cried, shakin' her umbrella at the mannie, wha was sittin' rubbin' his croon in the funniest manner ever ye saw; "I'll learn ye to chalk up yer insultin' figures on my man's back. Come awa' hame, Bob, oot o' this. It wisna to gi'e fun to a wheen haiverin' fules we cam' here."

So sayin', Maggie pu'd me by the airm across the ring oot by the big door whaur the performers cam' in by, an', followed by the bairns, wha by this time had jumped into the ring aifter their respected parents, we mairched oot grandly, wi' the band playin', an' the folk cheerin' an' lauchin' an' ruffin' like to bring doon the hoose.

It wisna till aifter I got oot that I discovered the trick played on me, for the clown, while he was pretendin' to be dowcin' the dust aff my back, was chalkin' up at the same time a cuddy's heid wi' lang lugs on the back-breadth o' my guid black coat

The circus man cam' up to the hoose next day, an' offered me five pounds a week if I'd come doon every nicht for a month an' gang through the same performance. He said the Bob Johnston episode was the best thing in the programme, an' he slippit a half-croon into each o' the bairn's han's. But na, na, I'm for nae mair circus performances.

ANDREW STEWART.

THE UNDER-TOW.

"O FATHER," shouted Johnny Leach,
As down at Coney Isle
They wandered up and down the beach,
"May I go in awhile?"

"You may, my son," he said to him;
"But hear me, ere you go:
'Tis not enough that you can swim,—
Beware the under-tow."

Then Johnny donned a bathing-suit,
And quickly waded in
The foaming sea, with yell and hoot,
Until it reached his chin.

He swam around and splashed about
With boisterous delight,
When suddenly he gave a shout,
And disappeared from sight.

He rose, he sank, then rose again,
And struck out for the shore;
His face was writhing, as in pain;
One foot was red with gore.

His father gazed, and then said he,
"My son, I told you so."
"Nay, father, 'twas a crab, not me,
That caught the under-toe."

His father clasped, in silent joy,
That wet lad to his heart,
And said, "You'll not live long, my boy,
Because you are too smart."

PARODY ON "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

Drough der streeds of Frederickdown,
Wid der red-hot sun shining down,
Past der saloons filled mit beer,
Dem repel fellers valked on der ear.

All day drough Frederickdown so fasd,
Hosses foot und sojers past,
Und der repel flag skimming oud so pright,
You vould dink py jiminy id had a ridght.

Off der mony flags dot flapped in der morning vind,
Nary a vone could enypody find.
Ub shumbed old Miss Frietchie den,
Who vas pent down py nine score years und den.

She took der flag the men hauled down,
Und stuck it fasd on her nighd-gown,
Und pud id in der vinder vere all could see
Dot dere vas vone who did lofe dot good old flag
so free.

Yust then ub come Stonewall Jack,
Riden on his hosses' pack,
Under his prows he squinted his eyes,
By golly de olt flag make him much surprise.

"Halt!" vell, efery man he stood him sdill,
"Fire!" vas echoed from hill do hill;
Id broke her strings of dot nighd-gown,
Put olt Babra she vas round.

She freezed on dot olt flag right quick,
Und oud of der vindow her head did stick:
"Schoot, of you must, dis old cray head,
Put spare dot country's flag!" she said.

A look of shameness soon came o'er
Der face of Jack, und der tears did pour;
"Who pulls oud a hair of dot pald head
Dies like a donkey!—skip along," he said.

All dot day und all dot night,
Undil efery rebel vas knocked oud of sight,
Und vay pehind from Frederickdown,
Dot flag stuck fasd to dot olt nighd-gown.

Babra Frietchie's vork vas done,
She don'd eny more kin hafe some fun;
Pully for her! und drop a dear
For dot olt gal midoud some fear.

DEM OLE DIMES HABBINESS AND DEM NEW.

"OH, my, my!" says a leetle feller, "but voont I bin awful habby vhen I'm a big man! Voont dhem bin awful habby times vhen I kin bin your own boss, und kin shtay out early nights! Vhen I voont have to vent to shleeb on der bedclothes right avay behindt subber! Vhen I kin needent shtudy big books not no more, und inshtead kin read der bicture pabers und der 'dim novels!' Vhen I kin vear big boots und paber gollars, und kin shmoke pibes und shpit on der shtofe! Oh! my! but dhen vill bin habbiness!"

Und der boor leetle fellers turns ofer und vents to schleeb, treamin' 'bout der goot times comin'! Vell, dis leetle rooster grows ub to bin vat he vants to be—a "big man." He's now got blenty richfulness und so fourd; but hear him talk:

"Oh! my, my! but vasn't dem habby times in der poyhoodt days of shilthood. Vhen I didn't had nodding to do but to eat pread und molasses, und git my face dirty; vhen I didn't had nodding heafier dan a leetle shtudy to bodder my head loose, instead of dis neferlasting fighting mit der vorldt, vich has vorryed me my prains gray all my life; vich has shticked my head full vit wrinkles, und my forehead full mit gray hairs; vich has made my heart cold und soury like I can't talk a bleasant vordt to not nobody; und vich has cofered my old face mit mudgutters instead of dimbles! Oh! dem was der habby times, vhen my

heart vas full mit shinyness und my head was filled mit nodding. Now, my head vas full up mit shmartness and big knowledges, my heart vas filled mit plackness und plack memories, und my old legs vas filled mit der slowness und der roomatickers! Oh! yes, dose boyhoodt days vas my habbiness!"

"Oh! my," says a leetle girl softly to herself, "voont dhem bin habby times vhen I git a leetle older sized, und vas a young lady! Vhen I dress ub so nice mit vite clothes und curly hair und pink ribbons, und all der young fellers dhem will say: 'My! but aint she sveet?' Oh! my, but dhem vill bin habbiness!"

Vell, she builds up into a sveet leetle young lady.

"Oh! my!" she plushes to herself, "voont dot bin habby times vhen me und Sharlie vas got married togedder, nefer to part for efer und nefer und efer! Vhen ve hafe our nice leetle home, so bright und clean; mit nice red carpets und vite vinder-shades, und a kitten-cat singing near der shtofe! Und a nice leetle subber-table mit proiled coffee und shtrong shicken, und me a bourin' out der tea, und Sharlie a hidin' avay der pancakes, und shvearin' dot I vas der only one in der vorldt, py gracious, vot could cook bancakes for him; und leetle Sharlie sittin' on der oder side, in der high-ub shair, py der side of his leetle sister, und der baby fast ashleeb in der next room, und— Oh! my, but voont dot bin habbiness?"

Der years bass on, as dey vill, und dis young lady vas older—und viser. "Oh, my! but dhem vas

habby times vhen I was a young girl py my mudder's arms! Sure vas trubble come py me now. It abbears to me dot since I'm bin got married I'm doin' nodding but vork, vork, vork, from daylight till nightlight! Alvays scrubbin' der carpet, or foolin' mit greasy dishes, buildin' big loafs of homemade preadt, half sole und heelin' stockins, or inwentin' patches on der wrong end of leetle Sharley's bandyloons! Always a-doing someding! Uf I aint gleanin' der house, I'm a-fixin' ub somedin' to eat, und dot keeps me alvays busy; und I got me nefer not no time to fix myself ub pooty like vhen I vas a habby young girl, und vasn't doin' der cookin' und repairin' for not no man! Und dhen my Sharlie—vonce so awful schveet py me—vas shanged, und now don't notice me werry heafy oxcept vhen der subber-table he vasn't ready! Und he vas uckly like two sticks was cross. Vell, berhabs he aint to blame aldogedder. He vorked hard und faithful, but der bizness didn't vent goot, und so he got kinder careless und reckless, und vent und buyed a glass of beer! Dis shdarted him, und now he dooks his bidders, oh! awful regular! But dhen he says he's goin' to begin a new leaf ofer mit der new year, und vork hard to got rich, und dhen I needn't vash vinders no more, und oh! voont dot bin habbiness?"

Vell, Sharlie shut down on his "bidders," vorked hard, und got rich. Sharlie's leetle vife she's now a old lady mit quiet face und silfrey hair, fast "ventin' home." Hear her vat she moans:

"Oh! my! but vasn't dot too bad. Yoost after my Sharlie vorked so vell, und succeeded so nice, und vas beginning to dook dings easy, he vas tookened avay from me. Und here I vas alone, mit blenty gold und dot kind of comfort, but mit blenty veakness in my boor old heart—mit some of my shilders gone to meet dhere fader, und der rest scattered far, far avay from dhere old mudder. Oh, my, my! but dhere is a habbiness vat I'm a-lookin' out for, vich I kinder dink pooty sure von't fail me, und dot's a habbiness not of dis vorldt von bit, but of a blace vhere habbiness lasts forefer und efer, und plack disabbointments vas nefer not known!"

NICK SLAETER.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY AND THE BAKER'S GIRL.

IT was down in the yeast part of the city. He was a bully butcher boy—she was the pie-ous daughter of the German baker next door, with eyes like currants, and her yellow hair twisted on the back of her head like a huge cruller. They leaned toward each other over the backbone of the separating rail. He was casting sheep's eyes at her, while hers turned on him with a provocating roll.

"Meat me to-night beef-fore quarter to ten," said he.

"Oh! dough-nut ask it," said she.

"I make no bones about it," said he.

"You're not well-bread," said she.

"Only sweet-bread," said he.

"Don't egg me on," said she.

"I never sausage a girl. Don't keep me on tender hooks," said he, quite chop-fallen.

"Why don't you wear the dear flour I gave you?" asked she.

"Pork-quoi?" asked he.

"Oh! knead I say?" asked she.

"That don't suet me," said he.

"You're crusty. I only wanted to cracker joke," said she.

"You gave me a cut—the cold shoulder," said he.

"Ah, you don't loaf me," sighed she.

"Veal see. I'll cleave to you, and no mis-steak—if you have money," said he.

"I can make a-bun-dance," said she.

"Then no more lamb-entations," said he. "You shall be my rib."

"Well done," said she.

And their arms embraced like a pretzel. So his cake was not all dough; she liked a man of his kidney; and, being good livers, they will no doubt live on the fat of the land, raisin' lots of children. This world is a queer jumble, but love seems "bread in the bones."

THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

OH! why do the critics insist
That I am not an actor born?
Why do the gallery gods, forsooth,
Turn all me powers to scorn?
I feel great fires within me frame
Which high should mount
From me soul's deep fount
And set the world aflame:
Then why am I here in this
No Man's Land,
So far from the marts of trade?
Collect thyself, mind—ah, yes—last
Week I enacted the great Jack Cade.
I lived Cade's life through every scene,
And showed Jack's hopes and fears,
But the New York critics all proved that I
Had played (he haw, he haw) a Jack with ears.
The theatre was crowded, and every one paid
To see me enact the great Jack Cade.
Forth I rushed on the stage 'midst a storm of huzzas,
And me very first speech won ten rounds of applause,
Too much so, methought,
Yet it flattered me pride and resolved me the more.
So, with grand tragic stride
And Delsartean sweep of me eloquent arms,
I proceeded to paralyze the house with me charms,

When something hit me in the neck,
Which aroused me dramatic ire ;
" The man who threw that egg," says I,
" Is a diabolical, paradoxical liar."
He apologized, and said that, far from
Theatrical infracting,
That he had paid his money to see me act,
And only intended to be eggzacting.
Oh! then awoke the hope that slept
Within me manly breast,
An exacting audience now must needs
Exact of me me best.
But oh! the perfume of that chestnutty egg
Had me memory so unfixed,
That the lines of every play I knew
Got most—confoundedly—mixed.
" To be or not to be," I cried ;
The audience said I had better not,
And advised me to go and soak me head,
Or seek some quiet, breezy spot,
Where the wind might through me whiskers blow,
Ere I turned up my toes to the daisies.
" Oh! cruel critics," I cried,
" Ye shall hear me yet.
" ' Richard's himself again,' " you bet
They applauded, then hooted, then crushed me hopes
With bouquets tied to the ends of ropes.
They guyed me, yes, and they bouquets plied
Of a vegetable kind, till I could have died.
Yet on with the play, tho' it rain cats and dogs,

I cried, while showers of eggs
Bespattered me togs.
Still fiercely I acted till a big potato caught me
Here, near me fifth rib, and suddenly brought me,
Well, nearer to death than I care to be brought.
Then me second wind came, I called for me cue,
But the prompter had skipped with me cue and watch, too.
Yes; manager, scene-shifters, dizzy actors, all gone,
And left me to play out Jack Cade all alone.
Yet me soul was resolved that me genius should win,
So grandly I in monologue again did begin,
When—whizz—biff—bang—a twenty-pound cabbage
Found its way to me head,
And all me ambition immediately fled.
That's why I am here in this No Man's Land,
So far from the marts of trade,
And here I'll abide, for I understand
Me return to the stage would occasion a raid.
Thank Heaven, I still live. Alack, me poor poll
Thou hast brought naught but shame to me ambitious soul.
Great crout! when that huge cabbage fell,
Methought 'twere a summons to Heaven or to ——.
No more will the hair on me dizzy skull grow,
'Twas cabbaged for good—well, well, heigho!
No more on the stage as a target I'll stand,
Henceforth I'll scratch gravel in No Man's Land.
Perhaps as a farmer kind nature may find

Some chance for the genius which cankers me mind.
So farewell to tragedy, welcome, thrice welcome the plow;
Come farm fruit, come hen fruit, I'll cabbage you now;
Yet I'd let a wilderness of monkeys all my farm prospects ravage,
Just to meet the propeller of that twenty-pound cabbage. ED. L. MCDOWELL.

ALL SORTS.

Unpublished Poems of Susan B. Anthony.

I REMEMBER
Meeting you
In September,
Twenty-two.
We were eating,
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental
On the road
(Sentimental
Episode).
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing—
So was I;

I was smitten,
So were you
(All that's written
Here is true);
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father—
To be sure—
Thought it rather
Premature.
And your mother—
Strange to say—
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then
(You were seven,
I was ten)!
That was many
Years ago—
Don't let any
Body know.

ABOUT OUR FOLKS.

OUR name is Perkins. I allus thought that was a nice name, and I think so yet—'deed I do. Sal never liked that name, but then Sal may git a chance to change some o' these days. There wus six of us altogether, countin' the bosses, or wot sum folks call "the old blocks." Dad sed I wusn't a chip off the old block 'cause I couldn't farm. Dad didn't like the way I dug 'taters. He sed wen I got throo' with a 'tater patch, they wus all ready for the pot, 'cause I hed a way uf peelin' 'em and slicin' 'em all up with the spade. So wen I wus fourteen year old, that was two year ago—to-day is my birthday—I'm big fur my size—they sent me to the city to live with Uncle Bob and Aunt Maria. Uncle Bob and Aunt Maria say I'd better stayed to hum in the country, 'cause I talk jest like a farmer, and I eat too much. I'm pretty good on the eat. I'm jest like a big holler punkin all the time.

Wall, as I sed afore, there wus six of us. We lived up here in Orange County right near the Jersey State line, in a place called Jackey Holler. Our farm wus about two rod from the old turnpike, and Widder Jenkins lived right over the way by the big willers. As I sed afore, there wus six of us all told, not countin' the critters. I sed six. Let's see—almost forgot in two year. You know your mem'ry don't get good till you git to be about eighteen. Anyhow that's wat Sal sed, and I bet on Sal every

time—'deed I do. Let's see—there wus six of us. Fust cum Dad Perkins. Now Dad wus kinder queer. Why at the table to hum Dad used ter dip inter everything within reach—apple sass and presarves, pie and pickles all ter once. Eat his puddin' aforehand, and then wunt ter know wot we wus goin' to hev for finishin' up—for desert. But how Dad could talk. Why he never got tired talkin', and wen he wusn't talkin', he'd sing. Hardly ever got the right tune, but that didn't make much diff'rence with Dad; but he wus down to town, Dad wus, one winter arter we hed done our huskin' and thrashin', and he heerd them darks sing—them ere Jubilee singers—and one song must a jest struck his tunin'-fork—'cause he got the tune—'deed he did, and we used to hev that tune day in and day out for months. I got so used to it thet I could sing it myself. Let's see—maybe I can sing it now:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home."

Dad wus a specimen—'deed he wus. But I'm talkin' too much about Dad. Next cum Mam. Mam didn't sing much, but we used to ketch her hummin' in the closet round the dishes wen she didn't know we wus listenin'. But how she could milk and cook and bake—'deed she could. Her pies wus 'bout a foot thick, I reckon—she got the prize at the county fair once.

Let's see—there wus six of us. Next cum Josh.

Josh was the oldest. Josh didn't hev very much to say. Not too much to say, but I guess he thought quite much. At the table he jest sot and eat and didn't say much—jest helped himself, and he wusn't the fust one throo' neither. Josh could get away with three good square meals a day—'deed he could—besides all the apples and sech things thrown in 'tween meals. Josh was always pooty sweet on the gals, and we could always tell wen he wus a-goin' out sparkin', 'cause he'd shave up clean, and put on his store clothes, and in warm weather his low-neck shoes and boughten stockin's, with stripes in, and stand-up collar, and wen he'd come hum with his hair mussed and ruther flurried like, he'd try to pass it off by sayin' thet Squire Runsby's bull hed been givin' him a chase cross lots. Josh wus allus settin' down where he hadn't oughter, never lookin' where he wus agoin'. Two or three times he sot right down on a dish of eggs, and one night, wen Sal gin a taffy pull, and Josh wus a-gittin' a little sweet on Mirandy Jones, he settled right down in a dish uf boilin' hot taffy she hed jest took down off the stove. Talk about bein' active and lively! Why Josh bounced up like he'd been shot from a cannon, and the taffy a-hangin' on fur dear life. I thought the folks would break sumthin' a-laffin', and Josh hed ter be excused fur the night to cool off. But even that didn't cure him and make him look where he wus a-goin'. You know he wus a little gone on Mirandy Jones—I think one reason bein' 'cause she built such good do'nuts, and Josh jest reveled in do'nuts. So goin'

to the mill one day, Josh dropped in ter hev a chat with Mirandy, to ask her how the folks wus, &c., &c. Well, Mirandy wus a-workin' on a batch of her do'nuts, and hed 'em all ready ter drop inter the hot bilin' grease which wus a-settin' on a stove near the table, kivered over with a towel, all ready to go right back on the stove ag'in with the do'nuts, you know—when Josh cum strollin' in and sed: "Mornin', Miry. Thought I'de cum in while the grain wus grindin', and watch yer fuss round a little—and bein' yer don't invite me to make myself to hum, guess I'll take a seat near yer here." An' afore Mirandy could stop him, he slid down right inter that bilin' hot grease. Well—the folks sed 'twus wuth a quarter to hear Mirandy tell about how the sudden change cum over Josh. You know Mirandy couldn't keep nothin' like that to herself, and from her account Josh must hev made the best "go-as-you-please" time on record, the way he run around that kitchen, and Mirandy laffin' fit to kill all the time. Law, she couldn't help it. Well, Josh didn't stop till he got in the mill-pond—and he had to stand up in the wagon all the way hum. Uf course it's a standin' joke on Josh—but I don't believe Mirandy likes Josh eny the less fur all that.

Well, after Josh cum Sal, and Sal wus jest nice—Sal wus—but Sal was afflicted—'deed she wus. Sal hed corns—corns—no end to 'em. Sal had 'em bad—'deed she did. I used to tell her I'd bring in the scythe and pare 'em off, and Dad sed ef they got much worse, he'd hev to hitch up the mowin' ma-

chine. But Sal managed to fix 'em up so she didn't limp much, and wore just as tight shoes as ever. I s'pose if anything will presarve corns, tight shoes will. But I always bet on Sal, corns or no corns.

Wall, I cum next. I guess I won't say nothin' 'bout myself, 'cause you'de say I wus tellin' fibs, but all the gals used to make a big fuss over me, all the time sayin' they wished they had such nice dimples in their cheeks, like mine.

The last of us wus Hez. Hez wus the baby, but he wus full uf the old feller himself. The best way to describe Hez is to say he wus Sal's little brother, and you gals here jest know what little brothers is. Anyhow they always hang round the parlor wen fellers come, don't they? Sometimes wen Sal hed company, Hez used to crawl in under the sofa, and then jest as they wus havin' a good time, talkin' sweet, and settin' up close to one 'nother, Hez would cetch hold Sal's foot, and strike one o' them corns; and how she would jump and git mad and try to put Hez out. Then Hez would flare up and holler: "You think you're smart, don't yer; puttin' on airs and makin' b'lieve yer think a heap of Bill Jones here, wen yer let ev'ry feller in the place kiss yer—don't yer? Yes, sir!!" And there they'de go on at each other till Dad heard the racket, and Hez hed to go to bed.

Now there's one more thing I wunt to tell yer 'bout Dad, and then as our dominie used to say 'bout one o'clock, "I shall hev to come to a stop." Now, Josh and me and Dad one day hed jest got thro' dig-

gin' taters, and wus takin' the last load of 'em to the barn. Josh wus a-drivin' old Dexter and our young colt, with the colt on the nigh side. I wus squatted on top right on the taters, and Dad wus a settin' on the bottom boards that run out further than the back-board. Well, we wus a-gittin' pretty well nigh on to the fence, and I wus jest goin' to git off to let down the bars, when all uf a sudden—Josh must a' been a-thinkin' 'bout his dinner and furgot himself—fur all uf a sudden we struck a big rock wot wus there, and we cum to a full stop. Josh he pitched for'ard and then back, and landed in 'mongst the taters with his hed in the basket. I hed to laugh, for jest then I wus holdin' on down to the side-board for to keep myself in. But where do you think Dad wus? I thought I'd die! You know there wus a big hook right in under where Dad wus a-settin', that we used ter sumtimes hang the big baskets on. Well, when we brought up, Dad kinder bunked agin the back-board and then slid off. This ere hook wus jest in persition and hooked Dad's pantaloons jest by the buckle and held him there, and he hung there kinder whirlin' round, back and to, like a compass. Me and Josh couldn't do nothin' but jest yell. I never laffed so much in all my born days, and Dad hangin' there, red in the face, a-hollerin' to us fur to take him down. Well, we hed to lift him up bodily, and laughin' all the wile fit to break our sides, and Dad a-growlin', and put him on his feet onct more. Dad walked the rest uf the way, and kept talkin' about his pantaloons, and there bein' no more pieces uf the

same color to patch ' em up with. Mam hed to laf a little, and then Dad got mad, and after that we hed to keep mum, when he was round, about that 'tater ride. Dad didn't seem to see where the laugh cum in.

HENRY FIRTH WOOD.

THE GIGGLETY GIRL.

OH! the gigglety girl—
Gee whiz!
From her toe to her curl
What a bother she is!
For whatever you do and whatever you say,
She is laughing away through the whole of the day,
And sometimes her noisy, unwearying zeal
Will make a man feel
So all-fired
Excessively tired
That far into space he'd be willing to hurl
The gigglety, gigglety, gigglety girl.

Oh! the gigglety girl—
Great Scott!
What a scurry and whirl
She can bring to the spot!
And yet, when her light-hearted freedom from care
Kind of gets in the air—well, you can't be a bear—
And you feel that your blood wouldn't stand it to see
A man who could be
So downright
Ill-bred as to slight
Or in any way hurt, with the mood of a churl,
This gigglety, gigglety, gigglety girl. JUDGE.

TUCKED OUP IN PED.

DER schiltren dhey was poot in ped,
All tucked oup for der night;
I dakes my pipe der mantel off,
Und py der fireside pright
I dinks aboudt vhen I vas young—
Off moder, who vas tead,
Und how at nighdt—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off my fader, too,
Und how he yoost to say,
"Poor poy, you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle play!"
I find me oudt dot id vas drue
Vot mine oldt fader said,
Vhile smoodhing down mine flaxen hair,
Und tucking me in ped.

Der oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
To speak off dhem like dot.
Gretchen und I vas "oldt folks" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve loves dem more as nefer vas,
Each little curly head,
Und efry nighdt ve dakes dhem oup
Und tucks dem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen sometimes vhen I feels plue,
Und all dings lonesome seem,

I vish I vas dot poy again,
Und dis vas all a dhream.
I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
Und vhen mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tuck me in mine ped.

JUSTICE IN A QUANDARY.

How the changes on "slang" puzzled the Jefferson Market Magistrate.

THE envoy that come from Patsy Burns' yesterday to get a warrant for its proprietor was hoarse, squat, and bull-necked. He leaned across the bar of the court, and whispered confidently:

"Say, Jedge, Patsy Burns wants to shut down on a kid that's bin skinnin' him."

"A kid! Skinning him? Impossible," said his Honor. "Where is the animal?"

"He's a young rooster what dishes out the stuff in Patsy's drum."

His Honor looked perplexed. "Oh! it's poultry you're complaining about. I thought you said it was a kid just now. Well, what of the rooster?"

"Say, Jedge, don't you play me. I'm giving it to you straight; honor bright. Patsy feels dead sore over the thing, and wants the young terrier hauled up before you."

"Look here, my friend, if you come here to complain about a whole menagerie, say so; but this

parade of flesh and fowl is distracting. Let us understand each other—kid, rooster, or dog—Is Patsy's trouble with one or all?"

"Jedge, this looks like a dead open and shut. You don't seem to tumble to me at all. Here's the scheme. There's a jigger behind Patsy's counter that's crooked, and he wants him taken in, see?"

"Oh! Patsy has a saloon. It is the person who dispenses the beverages he has trouble with."

"That's the racket, Jedge. You've got it dead to rights. You see, Patsy sets this bloke in his shebang a sending along the old stuff, and everything goes hunkeedoree tills he sees his nibs sporting a super, and togged out to the queen's taste. Well, Patsy's pooty fly, he is, and he dropped to the caper—so he spotted the felleh, and to-day he catched him working the damper."

"Working the damper?"

"Yes; collaring the boodle."

"Collaring the—my friend, for goodness sake, be explicit. What do you mean?"

"Hang it, Jedge, it's clear enough—he was tapping the till."

"Tapping the till? Ah, I see, he was appropriating the receipts to his own use in the proprietor's absence."

"That's the talk—appropriatin' the receipts is the go. You've got it down fine, Jedge. That's what the codger did—appropriated Patsy Burns' receipts. So Patsy sent me round to see as if you wouldn't give him the collar, and make him produce. He's

a bad lot, he is and you ought to give him a stretch."

"What? Would you be so barbarous as to have me hang the man?"

"Who's talkin' of hangin'? What I said is he ought to get a nip."

"Get a nip?"

"Yes, go up the river."

"I see, I see. Go to Sing Sing. My friend, we will try to accommodate you. But this conversation is trying to a man of my constitution. Go to Patsy Burns, I beg you. Tell him to bring his grievance here in person, and let him bring a little of the vernacular along."

"Maybe you're right, Jedge, an' maybe you aint, but it does seem rough on a citizen and taxpayer if he can't get justice unless he's swallowed a lone dictionary, and crammed down jawbreakers fit to bust him. So long."

HIS SUNDAY CLOTHES.

SOMETHIN' cur'ous in his air,
Sheepy look about his eyes;
Gone and pompadoured his hair,
Got on one of dad's best ties.
Wonder if he's goin' to town?
Prinked enough, the goodness knows!
Somethin's brewin', I'll be bound—
John's got on his Sunday clo'es.

Washed his hands with extry care,
Shaved himself from ears to throat,
Curled his mustache, I declare!
Pinned a rosebud on his coat.
Face shines like the harvest moon,
Puttin' powder on his nose.
Somethin's boun' to happen soon—
John's got on his Sunday clo'es.

Usual clo'es a suit of jean,
Hat a broad-brimmed wideawake,
Biggest boots was ever seen,
Hands worn hard by hoe and rake;
Now his shoes are shinin' black,
Small an' narrer at the toes,
An' on Wednesday, cur'ous fac'!
John got on his Sunday clo'es.

Pretty girl at Turtle Brook,
Daughter of Selectman Smith,
With a mild, angelic look
Fit to enter Heaven with.
Yellow hair and hazel eye,
Cheeks as red as any rose—
Guess she knows the reason why
John's got on his Sunday clo'es.

THIRTY YEARS WITH A SHREW.

ST. PETER stood guard at the golden gate
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up at the top of the golden stair
A man and woman, ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hope the City of Peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin;
The man was short and thick and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile;
The choirs in the distance the echoes awoke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We come up hither, beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the heavenly band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;
I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;

I've told my neighbors—I've told them all
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall.
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few.
I've marked their path of duty clear,
Laid out the plan of their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to them loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong;
So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of Heaven is open for me;
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way.
He smokes and chews and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival or join in a hymn;
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I in my purity said my prayer,
He ate what the pantry chose to afford,
While I sang at church in sweet accord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But O, St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go
I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
But in my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;

But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter, who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find the way
Of coaxing or fooling or bribing you
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand right by the opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss;
They'd look better narrow, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."
* * * * * *
St. Peter sat quiet, he stroked his staff,
But spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then he said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gate, you or I?"
And then he rose in his stature tall,
And pressed the button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to—Hades."

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone;
A lifelong settled idea he had,
That his wife was good and he was bad;

He thought if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said,
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent. With eye cast down,
He raised his head and scratched his crown;
Then seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair;
Chewing is nasty; smoke's not good;
He smoked and chewed; I should think he would.

"Thirty years with a tongue so sharp?
Ho! Angel Gabriel, give him a harp;
A jeweled harp with a golden string;
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing;
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion—up near the throne;
Call up some angels to play their best.
Let him enjoy the music and rest!

See that on the finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the Hades he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth and the future, too."
* * * * * *
They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings;
And he said as he entered the realms of day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers any way."
And so the Scriptures had come to pass,
That "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

BROOKLYN EAGLE.

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATHERA'S NEEDLE.

SO that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
With a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only its square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it shtrikes me quite dumb!
And look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
  Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
  If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's easy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
  In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
  She could frighten the soul out of big Finn MacCooll

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
  Compared with the monsthers they must have
    been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
  Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men.

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
  If his girl was to prod him with that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart
  That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

O sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
  An' whin lavin' this wonderful needle behind,
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
  And yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been
    kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague o' great men,
  Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre nor needle again,
  And a poor little asp did yer bizness at last

CORMAC O'LEARY.

WHO SANTY CLAUS WUZ.

From Rhymes of Childhood. Permission of the Bowen-Merrill Company, Publishers.

JES' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's aint a smell;
Easter Sunday—Circus-day—jes' all dead in the shell!
Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer,
And "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzz
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Ust ter wait, and set up late, a week er two ahead;
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire, and mother settin' here
Darnin' socks, and rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer;
Pap gap', and wunder where it wuz the money went,
And quar'l with his frosty heels, and spill his liniment;
And me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whir and buzz
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Size the fireplace up, and figure how "Old Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimney, like they said he would;
Wisht that I could hide and see him—wundered what he'd say
Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway!
But I bet on him, and liked him, same as if he had
Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look here, my lad,
Here's my pack, jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good boys does!"
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—
Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me!—
Wisht I still wus so confidin' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child
Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell
'Bout them reindeers and "Old Santy" that she loves so well;
I'm half sorry fer this little-girl sweetheart of his—
Long afore
She knows who
"Santy Claus" is!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ENCOURAGING SELF-MURDER.

"I HAVE determined to die," he said, as he entered the drug-store, and brought his fist down on the counter with force enough to make the candy bottles dance. "I have resolved to make away with myself. Apothecary, mix me a powerful potion, which will finish my earthly career. Give me something against which antidotes are of no avail, and which the stomach-pump is powerless to withdraw. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the druggist, as he took down a bottle containing some whitish powder. "This is the strongest poison known. I'll give you ten grains of it, which will be quite enough for your purpose."

The druggist proceeded to weigh the powder and wrap it up, saying as he did so:

"I would advise you to take this powder to your room, first being careful to make your will, and do such other matters as you deem necessary, for after you have swallowed the potion you will not be able to do anything before it begins to take effect. Immediately on swallowing it, first dissolving the contents of the paper in a spoonful of water, you will feel a sort of cold chill run up your spine. Then your arms will begin to shake, and your knees will knock together. Presently you will be unable to stand, and you will sink into a chair. Your eyes will then pain you. Sharp twinges will run through the eyeballs, and in about half a minute total blindness will follow.

Presently gripes will seize the stomach, and you will bend forward in agony. Racking headaches will be added to your other sensations, followed by intense pains in the ears, like ordinary earache intensified a thousand times. Twinges like those of gout seize the extremities, the chills of the spinal cord become unbearable, the tongue protrudes, and the patient falls from the chair on his face, and unconsciousness follows, which last a few minutes, until death supervenes. Twenty-five cents, please."

The package was ready, but the customer did not take it.

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